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Miss Tinné Traveling.

THE
HEROINE OF THE WHITE NILE;

OR,

What a Woman Did and Dared.

A SKETCH OF THE REMARKABLE TRAVELS AND EXPERIENCES
OF MISS ALEXANDRINE TINNÉ.

BY PROF. WILLIAM WELLS.

\\

TWO ILLUSTRATIONS



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NOTE.

THIS little work has been written with a view of supplying the now loudly expressed demand for a literature for our Sunday-schools that will be both instructive and entertaining. Its truth is more thrilling than fiction, and its simple story stranger than romance. It is written mainly for our older Sunday-school children; but its pages may contain information and lessons that will not be without interest to any who may be inclined to know more of Africa, and of the strange career of a lady whose life was sacrificed to her intense desire to penetrate its wilds and its deserts, and be a herald of mercy to its persecuted and benighted people.





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THE
HEROINE OF THE WHITE NILE.

CHAPTER I.

WHY WE CALL HER A HEROINE.

THE story of ALEXANDRINE TINNÉ (pronounced Tinnay) is full of romance, courage, and self-sacrifice. She has done what many strong men feared to undertake, and all her remarkable labors seemed to be performed solely out of love to the cause that she espoused so early in life; namely, that of exploring Africa, and carrying intelligence to the poor negro, and doing what lay in her power to abol-

ish that most terrible scourge of Africa, the internal slave-trade.

No woman before Miss Tinné ever undertook this great task, and we have been accustomed to rank as heroes and martyrs the many noble men who have met their death in trying to penetrate the trackless deserts, slimy marshes, and dense forests of Africa.

The only noble name on record that can be at all classed with Miss Tinné is that of Mrs. Baker, the devoted woman who followed her fearless husband in his dangerous journey to discover the sources of the River Nile, and proved by her fidelity to him in the hour of danger and suffering what strength a woman's love can impart to herself, and what protection and consolation it can afford to man in the most trying hours of his existence. When Mr. Baker returned from his famous journey,

and related in such touching words what his wife had endured for his sake, how she had faced every danger with him as he pressed on, fearless of death, in his intense desire to reach the wonderful lake in the interior of Africa that he believed to be the great source of the Nile, the world applauded her. When he related with trembling voice how she had stood as a guardian angel at what they feared might be his death-bed, consoling him with her words of love, nursing him tenderly, sweetening his solitude, and supporting for his sake the greatest trials in a distant land, surrounded by none who could sympathize with her, the world loved her, because she had performed a noble task under the most trying circumstances.

But Alexandrine Tinné had no one to tell her romantic story until she met her

tragic fate, and her bones were bleaching on the sands of the desert. She, herself, gave no account of it to the world, and seemed indeed strangely to prefer that nothing should be told or written about it. It is said that she had a great dislike to the publication of any of her adventures, and performed her strange deeds either for self-gratification or the actual good that might come of them, but not that the world might listen or applaud.

She was truly a pioneer in African discovery, for she penetrated regions that had never before been trodden by the foot of the white race, except perhaps by some of the unprincipled slave-dealers in search of victims. She was immensely rich, and expended her great fortune in these enterprises, not so much in the cause of discovery or science, as in the desire to become acquainted with the unknown

regions of the country that she had actually made her home. One of her journeys, however, was expressly made in the pursuit of knowledge, and on this adventure she took with her two of the most scientific explorers of Germany at her own expense. But this single exploration of the endless marshes and sluggish water-courses to the west of the White Nile was sufficient of itself to give her an honorable name among the long list of African travelers who have lost their lives while facing the dangers of this fatal quarter of the globe.

It is certainly something very strange that a young, rich, and beautiful woman, brought up in the most refined and aristocratic circles of Europe, could, by any possible means, find a pleasure in pressing into the wild regions of the barbarous negroes of inner Africa, facing the dangers

of a terrible climate, risking the cruelties of savage men, and foregoing all the conveniences and advantages of civilized life. We naturally ask the question, What was the motive? This we propose to discuss in another place.

We here merely wish to say that Miss Tinné finally met with a sudden and cruel death from those whom she was most befriending. This occurred but a few months ago, and her special friends have simply had time to prepare her story for the world. She was a Holland lady, and therefore not at all known on this side of the ocean; but we felt that the rich materials that have by chance come into our hands, would enable us to weave a plain unvarnished tale of truth, more attractive than many that are painted by fiction, and thus we give, to the youth of our Sunday-schools especially, this brief

account of the life and career of Alexandrine Tinné.

When they have finished it they will say with us, that she was the Heroine of Africa, or we shall feel that we have related her wonderful history in vain.





CHAPTER II.

HER BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

HOLLAND is one of the most interesting countries of Northern Europe, and especially so to the genuine New Yorker, because the city and the State was originally founded by the Holland Dutch, and we, descendants of the Knickerbockers, as the early Dutch settlers have been called, always listen with interest to any story that comes from the land of our forefathers.

The capital of Holland is called "The Hague," and is very pleasantly situated near the sea-shore, with which it is connected by a beautiful drive of six miles. The town is a charming residence, espe-

cially for the summer, and is noted for its churches, strange and quaint old buildings, and rich museums of modern art. The Hague is so pleasant a place of residence that many people of wealth go there to spend the summer, and to enjoy the refined and intelligent society of the artists and the Court; for it is here that the Royal Family resides during a goodly portion of the year, giving life and refinement to society.

The mother of Miss Tinné was a baroness, and also lady of honor to the Queen of Holland; her family was distinguished for its age, and especially for the devotion to art of many of its members. This gave the Baroness an influential position in society, which was made more so by her connection with the Queen, and her own intelligence and refinement. Her hand was sought in marriage by a very wealthy

English merchant, and she thus became Mrs. Tinné, and the mistress of a royal fortune.

Alexandrine was born at the Hague in the year 1839. But her father died when she was but five years old and therefore too young to have any distinct remembrance of him. He left his infant daughter the richest heiress in all Holland. The mother cared tenderly for her education, and she enjoyed every advantage that wealth and high position could secure. As soon as she was old enough she associated with all the courtly families, and became a special favorite of the Queen of Holland, who took a great interest in her training, and desired to make her an ornament of the royal circles.

This Queen is said to be a most refined and intelligent lady, with more intellect and good sense than is usually possessed

by queens, and she perceived in Alexandrine the material for making a noble and influential woman; this, with her love to the beautiful girl on her mother's account, induced the Queen to offer her access to all the Courts of Europe if she desired a royal career. But Miss Tinné seemed to have no love for fashionable and courtly society, and at a very early age developed a remarkable disposition for adventure. As a mere child she would mount the wildest horses, and, like an amazon, guide and control them with the skill only possessed by the experienced horseman.

When but a girl in her earliest teens she began to show a spirit of adventure, and an ardent desire to see the world. This soon grew into a passion, that held her as with the strongest fetters, and, forgetting her youth and beauty, and her opportunity to shine as a brilliant lady at

the first Courts of Europe, she resolved to travel wherever she could see what was strange, and new, and wild. As the heir-ess of millions she was able to gratify this ruling passion, and she seems to have resolved to do so the moment she was old and strong enough to endure the fatigue.

But she anticipated no pleasure in what was tame and commonplace, and only panted after the wild and grand in nature. Thus her first great journey was to the North Cape, away up toward the frozen oceans, where she could revel in the romantic grandeur of the wild cliffs of Norway. This enterprise she carried out under the protection of a celebrated Norwegian artist, famous for his landscape paintings of the peculiar twilights of the long and brilliant northern nights. He relates many pleasing anecdotes of the adventures of their journeyings in these high

northern regions, and of the bold enterprises of his remarkable ward and pupil.

She returned safe and sound to the Hague from this journey, but by no means satisfied with adventure. Indeed, she had just begun to develop the passion, in all its strength, as she entered upon early womanhood, and left all her girlishness behind her.





CHAPTER III.

HER FIRST VISITS TO AFRICA.

SHE had seen the wonders of the extreme North, and now turned her eyes to the distant South, because of the many romantic stories related by venturesome travelers returning from tropical lands. She induced her mother and aunt to accompany her on this visit, and their route lay through Italy to Constantinople and Smyrna, Palestine, and Cairo in Egypt.

Indeed, some people say that Alexandrine inherited her love of adventure from her mother, who, after the death of her husband, was quite willing to spend the large fortune which he had left her, in



The Nile Boat.



seeing the world. The daughter had therefore little trouble in inducing the mother to accompany her in her new journeys, and the mother's sister, a favorite aunt, also joined the enterprising party of Dutch ladies.

After many adventures they reached the famous old town of Cairo, which they had resolved to make their headquarters for various excursions into inner Egypt. Here they procured a beautiful villa, and settled down with a view of making themselves at home for awhile. They were in the Valley of the Nile, and near the Pyramids, and these mysterious regions and strange scenes exerted a great influence on the character of Miss Tinné. As she heard the wild and romantic stories of returning adventurers from their endeavors to penetrate the secret glades of Upper Egypt, and trace the Nile to its hidden source, her

energetic soul seemed to breathe in the inspiration of being a sharer in these toils and struggles. In her love for Oriental customs she had adopted an Eastern style of dress, that well suited her tall figure and blonde complexion. She studied the language with great diligence, and surrounded herself almost exclusively with African servants, both male and female.

Thus the ladies spent the first winter in the Orient, and the mild southern climate agreed so well with their health and their tastes that they left Cairo with regret to return to their home in Holland, for they feared to pass a summer in these regions, exposed to the danger of tropical fevers.

But the pleasures of the Hague could not efface the memory of their Oriental home, and in two years they were again on their way to spend a second winter in Egypt. This repeated visit and sojourn

there seemed to exert a still greater influence than before on the impressive nature of Miss Tinné. She was deeply affected by the rich and luxuriant nature that met her here at every step, and then resolved to spend her days in Africa. But even Cairo and Lower Egypt were too much under the influence of Europe, and in intercourse with it, to suit her romantic taste. She longed to go farther, and penetrate this mysterious quarter of the globe to its depths. She, in company with her mother, and a sister of the latter, fitted out an expedition to the Upper Nile, following in the footsteps of those explorers who were laboring to unvail the secrets of the sources of this famous river.

They extended their journey to within a few degrees of the equator, and visited many of the wild regions that had scarcely ever known the presence of white men, to

say nothing of delicate and tender European ladies. This tour made them famous for their astonishing endurance and the courage with which they met and overcame the difficulties that rose up against them, and which were enough to frighten strong men, and induce them to turn back. But Alexandrine Tinné knew no fear. She braved all the fatigues and dangers of an African climate, and all the inconveniences and exposures which must meet a lady on such a journey, without being for a moment turned from her determined purpose.

They returned safely from this journey and again made their way to Holland, but not to stay there. The intense desire to know more of Africa had taken so strong a hold of Miss Tinné that she could not withstand it, and she remained only a season at home to set her affairs in order for a long absence. She now left the scenes

and friends of her childhood, as it proved, for the last time, and, in company with mother and aunt, repaired to Cairo to spend another winter. This was in 1861, and she had performed all these wonders by the time she was twenty-two years of age. She was not yet eighteen when she made her first visit to the East.

They had no sooner arrived in Egypt for the third time, when they abandoned the idea of settling down in Cairo, and began to look around for a fitting field for an interesting and useful exploration. About this time they made the acquaintance of a worthy German missionary who had traveled extensively in Eastern Africa, and had even seen the lofty snow-crowned peaks under the very equator. He had been a Christian Missionary to the King of Schoa in Abyssinia, and had endeavored to extend Christianity into that dis-

tant region. At a later period he had even held friendly relations with the famous King Theodore of Abyssinia.

He told the ladies of the wild and romantic scenery in this beautiful land, which is known as the African Switzerland, and painted to them all the beauties of its healthy climate. At that time every thing looked favorable and quiet, for King Theodore had succeeded in subduing and quieting many of the wild tribes around his realm. From Massua, on the Red Sea, it would not be difficult to reach the highlands of this country, and then all dangers from the deadly climate of Africa would be passed. His advice to them was to undertake this journey into a region entirely new, and make the acquaintance of its victorious King, who was just then aspiring to be the Emperor of Eastern Africa, and the benefactor of his race.

Fortunately, circumstances prevented them from undertaking this enterprise, for, just at this period, King Theodore seemed intoxicated with power, and became, as some think, insane. He offered to marry Queen Victoria of England, and, when this good lady did not even deign to answer his letters, he became so enraged toward all Englishmen that he threw them into chains, and treated them with great cruelty, until the English Government sent an expedition into the country by way of the Red Sea and totally annihilated him. The hatred of the black tyrant finally extended to all foreigners, and had Miss Tinné penetrated his kingdom she might have been made a queen against her will.



CHAPTER IV.

HER FIRST GREAT EXPEDITION.

THE Heroine of Africa decided to make her first expedition to what is called the White Nile, which is the large western branch of this stream that joins the Blue Nile, or eastern branch, and there forms the great river of central and lower Egypt. This notorious region has been the death of many a noble explorer and missionary, for its fearful morasses and endless swamps bear on their bosoms the seeds of the rankest poison. If the white man breathes this air it is almost certain death.

The question has been often asked why the industrious and energetic emigrants of Europe, who have peopled America, and

have even wandered into distant Australia, and extended their dominion over a large part of Asia, have not settled along the rivers of Africa instead of simply visiting their shores as dealers in ivory and slaves. But this question is easily answered: These river banks are the grave-yards of European explorers; all along these tropical strands lie bleaching the bones of thousands of white men who have rushed unbidden into these inhospitable regions, and there met their death from the poison of the air or the cruelty of the inhabitants. These whitened skeletons seem to raise their warning fingers as if to bid the white man not to tread these shores, and yet they will go. The bold and fearless men who in the last ten years have laid down their lives in this rash undertaking would fill a long list; for Englishmen, Germans, and Frenchmen have vied with each other

in their rash endeavors to conquer this country for commerce and religion.

But that a woman should lead an expedition into this deadly region was a new revelation to the world, and the dwellers on the banks of the Nile. She knew well that, wholly aside from the fearful dangers of the climate, the civil condition of the country was not at all assuring, for the continued annoyances and brutalities of the slave-hunters had set all the negro tribes in uproar, and there was a general war of all against all, which would make a visit to the region of the White Nile an extremely dangerous enterprise.

This state of things, however, did not frighten these courageous ladies, and they accordingly made stupendous preparations for their journey. They took provisions to last them and their servants for a whole year, and no less than ten camel-loads of

copper coin or money—about four thousand dollars' worth—as this is about the only money that is of any value there, and this coin was said just then to be very scarce in Nubia and Soudan, to which countries they were going. On the 9th of January, 1862, they went aboard their three Nile boats, taking with them a large body of well-armed servants, who formed a sort of military escort.

Their starting was auspicious. The north wind gently swelled their sails, and they passed slowly by all the grand ruins on the banks of the ancient river, and through the first cataracts or rapids to Korosco. Here they hired no less than one hundred camels to convey the large company through the Nubian desert to Abu-Hammed. The object of this long land journey is to cut off the great bend of the Nile, and shorten the journey by more than one half. But

it is considered a very dangerous undertaking, and parties are always advised by the natives to follow the river, notwithstanding its great length.

But the ladies determined to take the shortest route, bade good-bye to the life-giving river, and began for the first time their march with a caravan, for their party was so large that it formed a respectable caravan of itself. They were soon upon the yellow sands of the trackless desert, and only found their way by the bleaching bones of men and camels, and met no living thing but a few hungry and cawing crows, ready to snatch up any thing that the party might leave behind, and more than joyful should a poor camel fall by the way, and afford them a bountiful meal in picking the putrid flesh from its bones.

This short route from port to port on the Nile, across the desert, is dangerous in

the most favorable season. A few years ago a whole Egyptian regiment perished with thirst while crossing it, and the Governor of Egypt ordered this murderous passage to be abandoned; but it so greatly shortens the journey around the great western curve of the Nile that the temptation to take it is very great. But, fortunately, our adventurous ladies crossed it in safety, thanks to the large supply of water borne by their camels. The Arabs of the caravan burst out in thanks to *Allah* (God) when they saw that their dangers were passed, and discovered the granite cliffs of Abu-Hammed, with the lofty palms waving their crowns in the wind, and the majestic Nile spreading out its broad flood to the weary travelers.

They now continued their journey on the eastern bank of the stream, up as far as Khartoom, the capital of Egyptian Sou-

dan, at the confluence of the White and the Blue Nile. This is a very important post, and the head-quarters of the general Governor of all that region. This office was at that time filled by Musa Pasha, an unprincipled and cruel tyrant, who ruled only by military power, and oppressed and plundered the people. Miss Tinné was destined to have much trouble with this Prince, and at her first visit obtained such an insight into the Turkish rule of this land as to disgust her with all the operations of this Governor.

Although it was strictly forbidden by the chief power in Constantinople to carry on the horrible slave-trade, this ruler, as all his predecessors, did but little else, and thus amassed great wealth, and neglected his duties as Governor. He very soon saw that such an expedition as this would find out too much of his doings in

the interior of the country, and he therefore tried to place every possible impediment in its way. Miss Tinné saw the object of his opposition to her expedition, and imbibed a deep antipathy to all such Turkish officials; she at the same time clearly perceived an opportunity to do great good to the African race, in endeavoring to suppress this domestic slave-trade, and was delighted to have a new field for her efforts besides that of simple exploration. She conquered the opposition of the Pasha, and obtained the means and the privilege of continuing her journey from Prince Halim, brother of the present Viceroy. This Prince furnished her a steamboat, in which she and all her party continued their journey up the Nile in May, in order to pass the rainy and sickly season in a more healthy place than Khar-toom.



CHAPTER V.

THE EXPEDITION FAIRLY UNDER WAY.

LET us pause for a moment and consider the situation, as the soldiers say. Here is a young lady, but twenty-two years of age, organizing an extensive expedition like a military commander, gathering men and camels by the hundreds, and crossing the desert at a point so dangerous that the Governor had forbidden the undertaking. Then she meets and overcomes the opposition of the local Governor by appealing to a prince, and, by her boundless energy, succeeds in obtaining all the means for an extensive exploration of that portion of the Nile that had been the greatest mystery and greatest

terror to all previous travelers. She is now leaving the last post of supplies in case of need, and also leaving behind her an enemy in the Governor, an unwelcome visitor to the scene of his cruelty and oppression. She is about entering the boundless wilderness, full of dangers from men, and beasts, and poisonous air. She is determined to go, and we now declare her fairly under way.

On leaving Khartoom, a new and interesting world was opened up to these European ladies. For a time all seemed very pleasant, and they sat leisurely and securely on the deck of their steamer enjoying the beautiful landscapes on the shores of the White Nile, and comparing them with the barren and sandy plains that had hitherto bordered the main river below. They soon entered the land of the Schillook negroes, where the shores are settled by a very numerous population,

and are bordered by palm-trees, mimosas, and acacias. In this luxuriant vegetation are numerous troops of lively, chattering monkeys, and swarms of beautiful tropical birds.

One of these landscapes was so attractive that Miss Tinné gave orders to the steamer to land, and proposed stopping there for awhile, building cabins, and making themselves at home, with a view of examining the interior of the country. In the meantime the steamer was to leave them, to go down stream again after supplies. But no sooner did the servants of Miss Tinné see the steamer's prow turned away from them than they declared they would not stay there, on account of the savage beasts and the still more dangerous slave-hunters that were prowling about the vicinity, for nearly all her train were negroes that the heartless traders would

gladly seize and carry off. The steamer was therefore quickly ordered back, when they hurried on board and pursued the voyage up the stream.

The native negroes all greeted her with kindness, and thus far she met no enemies except the Arab slave-traders, who frequently approached her with propositions to share in a slave-hunt, that, with her forces and her steamer, they could make so profitable. She always rejected the overtures of these wretches immediately, and they left her in anger, swearing revenge at her interference with their business. Along this part of the river there are Moham-medan settlements ruled by petty chiefs, whose main business is to hunt slaves, and send them in droves down the Nile to the slave-marts of Egypt.

As we might naturally expect, the fame of this wonderful woman had preceded

her. The stories of her immense wealth had been told again and again, and endless were the accounts about her boats, her camels and caravan, and the triumphant journey that she was making up the Nile. And when she landed, her beauty and gentleness made her a great favorite; and, above all, when the poor negroes saw her prancing about like an amazon on a sprightly steed, they declared her to be the daughter of the great Grand Turk in Stamboul, (Constantinople.) This notion spread far and wide, over all the eastern and northern part of Africa. It was carried by the caravans into the distant oases of Sahara, and ever increased as it traveled onward. Some of the German explorers heard it in distant regions, where the foot of the white man had never before trod.

She was the beautiful white daughter

of the Sultan of all the Sultans, the great ruler in Stamboul; and she was wandering all over Africa, dispensing her gifts with generous hands, and winning all hearts—coming to visit, as a friend, the wide-extended regions of the Sultan's grand domain in Africa.

This fame of the fairest daughter of the Turk struck with awe even the Mohammedian chiefs, and Mohammed-Cher, a mighty ruler and notorious slave-trader, who had his seat on this part of the Nile, hastened to do her honor, and receive her with royal pomp. He had imprisoned thousands of poor negroes in the terrible slave-yoke to drive them from their homes; he knew no one above him whom he would call master; he was the terror of the White Nile, and the negroes trembled at his name; yet even he bowed before the beautiful King's daughter from distant Stam-

boul, and offered her the sovereignty of Soudan.

And as she was revered by these slave-hunters, whose savage bands often overwhelmed in the quiet of the night the villages of the blacks, shooting down men like the beasts of the forest, carrying away woman and children into captivity, and burning whole villages, so did the ignorant negroes with strange astonishment stand before the dazzlingly white lady, and worship her as of royal birth. Every pale-face that had hitherto visited the shores of the White Nile had been that of a slave-dealer, the very scum of the Greeks, Italians, and Orientals, who have their head-quarters in Khartoom; but here, on the contrary, was the face of a white lady who came to them with loving heart, and full and generous hands. The fame of this goodness, which had fortunately preceded

her, aided her very much in her intercourse with the natives, and protected her from any violence on the part of Shillooks, whom the outrages of the slave-hunters had embittered against all the pale-faces. Once, when it was necessary for her steamer to land at one of their villages to obtain wood, the crew were so much afraid of the negroes that they refused to go ashore, but Miss Tinné took ten soldiers and landed fearlessly. She was kindly received as the Sultan's daughter, and the throne of the land was even offered to her if she would aid them in driving out their arch-enemy, Mohammed-Cher.

Alexandrine Tinné had, however, no desire to become a queen, and therefore all these enticing offers could not induce her to remain among these Shillooks. Her great wish just now was to explore some of the unknown streams that flow into this

portion of the White Nile, and help to swell its current. The first that she encountered on her journey south was the Lobat, which is not even yet well understood, and whose character and course were a subject of much controversy. An Englishman named Petherick had ascended it, and declared it to be navigable for some considerable distance, and, relying on this assertion, Miss Tinné ordered her steamer's prow to be directed into this stream. But she was soon obliged to return, as the waters were too shallow for the vessel, which ever and anon ran aground. This excursion occupied ten days, and yielded no valuable results.

The next point of interest was Lake No, where the Gazelle River flows into the White Nile from the west. This is called a lake, but it is little more than a great marshy basin, in which many travelers

have hopelessly wandered and lost themselves. Stagnant rivers surround it, and with deceptive outlets and false channels, mislead the explorer, and wear out the energies of the body and the patience of the soul. Many years ago a large expedition from Egypt sought in vain a way out of this lake; they found it a puzzling labyrinth.

The impression which this notorious and marshy waste left on the minds of these ladies was, therefore, by no means a pleasant one. As far as their eyes could see, they perceived nothing but an endless marsh, on whose slimy, stagnant waters there occasionally appeared the dead trunk of a fallen tree. The massive water-plants and floating wood formed great moving islands, slowly sailing about in the lazy waters, almost without a direction and a purpose. Hippopotami were plunging and

snorting among the reeds, crocodiles were lying quietly round ready to seize their prey, and great water-birds were standing as immoveable as statues; while in the marshy air millions of mosquitoes were humming, and buzzing, and stinging.

This you will certainly say is no very attractive spot for delicate European ladies, brought up to indulge in all the luxuries of life, and unaccustomed to hardship of any kind. And we say the same thing, although their steamer was provided with every thing to make them comfortable while they were on it. But such a repulsive landscape, and such a long and tortuous journey to get through this lake into the river beyond, will certainly discourage them, and make them turn back.

But Alexandrine Tinné was born to be a commander, and never hesitated in the presence of difficulties. Indeed the more

of these the better, seemed to be her doctrine. And the wilder and more dismal the country, and the more distant from civilization, the better she seemed to enjoy it. Here, in the morasses along the shores of the White Nile, that are more dangerous than the burning sands of the desert, was to be found the true test of her character. Here was the spot where was to be decided the question whether she was equal to the task she had undertaken or had mistaken her vocation. She stood the test. She had resolved to reach Gondokoro, a famous station far up the stream, and though she saw that it would require weeks of such trials and contests with nature to reach her aim, she nevertheless stood firm and issued the command, "*Forward!*"



CHAPTER VI.

HOLY CROSS AND GONDOKORO.

THE expedition now passed through Lake No again into the White Nile, and ascended its waters slowly to a famous missionary station founded by the Austrians, and known as Holy Cross. They intended to make quite a stay here, but they found nothing but a scene of decay and death. A few years ago a Dominican monk, with a few associates, resolved to found a Mission here, in the endeavor to convert to Christianity the wild negro tribes living along these shores. Their efforts were all in vain, The first great difficulty for the white man is the climate, and this seems almost insurmountable.

Miss Tinné found not the Mission but the graves. Of sixty clergymen and lay-assistants that the Missionary Society had sent to that place, nearly all lay buried in its soil; and the numerous mounds of freshly made graves that every-where arose here spoke loudly of the dangers of Africa. There is a saying that the European cannot wander with impunity among the palm-trees, and these graves seemed to attest its truth. These deeds of death left a deep impression on the mind of our heroine, but did not discourage her.

Though this Mission was animated by the best spirit, it could not maintain itself, and no longer exists. It had two settlements with a view of scattering among the people the seeds of religion and civilization. The Negroes were in the habit of going nearly or quite naked; the missionaries gave them pantaloons, and tried to

teach them how to wear them. But it was all in vain; they would put them on their arms, and then on their heads as a head-dress, with the legs hanging down their backs.

In Gondokoro, the seat of another Mission, they had built a little church in which was a bell to call the natives to service. But the wild Negroes would take the church by storm, and day and night ring the bell, and shriek and shout, and plunge and whirl, like a band of crazy monkeys. The pious men could do nothing with them, and were obliged to leave their settlements, which are now in ruins.

It is almost impossible to discover any ideas of a God, or what is called natural religion, in these poor creatures. They believe in nothing but wizards and evil spirits, who make rain or sunshine, and cause disease and death. They seem like

crafty, overgrown children, ready to receive any and every impression, and change it the next moment. It is almost impossible for them to fix their attention for any time on a single object, and they have not the least power of reasoning.

Some of the tribes in that vicinity seem to have notions like the Brahmins, and adopt animals as gods—the cow especially. They think that every thing about the cow is sacred, and nothing unclean. They take the greatest care of the cow, and will let no indignity befall it. A story is told of a proud woman of one of these tribes, who was so powerful that she never went out without an escort of warriors, but would always seek an opportunity to lie in cow's filth, and regarded it as a sacred and healing ointment. It is not to be wondered at that many good people have despaired of ever being able to do good

among these people, with their natural degradation and their climate. Some of the tribes visited by Miss Tinné, on excursions made into the interior from Holy Cross, were found to be totally destitute of clothing. They seem to be poor miserable beings that herd together on the few dry spots that these great marshes afford, and live on bats, snakes, termites, or great white ants, and any other vermin that they can obtain. Their only protection against the weather is a covering of ashes.

Having satisfied herself with excursions and investigations around the Mission of Holy Cross, Miss Tinné now turned her steamer's prow toward Gondokoro, an important station on the White Nile, scarcely five degrees from the equator. Her arrival there caused great surprise, from the fact that it was a most unusual season for strangers to come, as the boats of Euro-

peans seldom arrive there before January on account of the climate, which makes an earlier visit dangerous. This place is now largely visited by traders in ivory and slaves, and has become an important station for fitting out exploring expeditions to the head-waters of the river. It was then but rarely visited by strangers, and had never before been favored with the presence of so many European ladies.

It was, besides, an unfortunate time for their visit. A celebrated Maltese traveler and slave-trader, a man detested for his slave-hunting and cruelty, had just been committing great depredations along the river, and exasperating the negroes by his inhumanity. They were so enraged that they hid whenever they saw Europeans coming, and from their ambush sought to shoot down, with poisoned arrows, every stranger that entered their territory. For

this reason no excursions could be made into the interior from Gondokoro. All that Miss Tinné could do was to make a little trip to a neighboring mountain, which she desired to ascend on account of the beautiful prospect to be enjoyed from its summit. This she accomplished, and then continued her journey up the Nile. But even this she could not prosecute farther than about twenty miles, on account of cataracts in the river, and great blocks of stones and rocks, which made all further navigation impossible.

And the health of the ladies, which had remained good until this time, now began to suffer, and warned them of their danger. They were all attacked with the fatal fever of the region, and it was thought safest to return again to Khartoom. Altogether they had traveled about seventeen hundred miles, and, on calculating the expense of

the journey after their return to Khartoom, they found they had spent no less than thirty thousand dollars. From this fact we can form some idea of the money required for African expeditions, and of the vast fortune of this lady. But even this great journey was only the forerunner of much greater ones, that followed each other in unbroken succession for about seven years.

Miss Tinné simply returned to Khartoom to rest awhile, regain her health, and prepare for new deeds. A great many celebrated travelers were then working at the problem of the Upper Nile, and this fixed her ambition to rival them. Grant and Speke were understood to be returning from their very famous expedition, and Mr. Baker was just then ascending the river with a large company to meet them. As Miss Tinné was returning to Khartoom

she met the brave Englishman sailing up the river, and in the book which he afterward wrote he alludes to the Dutch ladies and the charming Miss Tinné, whom he greeted with cannon, which attention they returned by waving their handkerchiefs as long as they could see the vessels. Baker remarks that he then little thought that he would never meet these friendly forms again, and that so fearful a fate would overwhelm the whole company.

He is still the fearless explorer, and is just now engaged with a large force in penetrating the secrets of these wonderful regions, and endeavoring to introduce civilization and commerce among these poor, ignorant, and tortured people. His boldness may yet be his ruin, and a tragic fate may easily overtake him, as two of these ladies now lie buried in the

swamps of the White Nile, and the leading spirit of them all has found an inhospitable grave among the sands of the desert. For the present we will follow them to Khartoom.





CHAPTER VII.

A NEST OF VILLAINS.

IT is well sometimes to call things by their right names, and this we judge to be the right name for Khartoom. This town is a sort of retreat and storehouse for the travelers and traders of the Upper Nile. It lies right on the point of the Delta, or triangle, formed by the meeting of the White and the Blue Nile, as they join to create the one grand river. It was founded, or, at least, very greatly enlarged, by the celebrated Egyptian ruler, Mehemed Ali, at a period when he feared that the Turkish Sultan might deprive him of Egypt and Nubia. His intention was, in that case, to make Khartoom the capital

of Soudan, and extend it into an immense realm.

This town is considered the Gomorrah of the Upper Nile, and is every way worthy of the same punishment that overtook that wicked city of old. It is so far from the seat of central authority in Cairo that it must be ruled by subordinate officials, and most of these are either morally very degraded, or are ever ready to be bought with a price for any wickedness that will pay. The city, therefore, contains within its walls a population of villains; this, at least, is the deliberate judgment of the celebrated French explorer Lejean, to whom we are indebted for the information of this chapter; and he had the experience of a long sojourn within its walls.

Under the pretense of dealing in ivory, these traders carry on the slave-trade, and even engage in cruel slave-hunts. They

fit out little warlike bands, plunder the homes, devastate the land, and carry off the women and children, if they cannot catch the men alive; they make a perfect business of hunting and dealing in human flesh.

Nearly all Europe has protested against this domestic slave-trade, as it is called, but it seems that nothing will bring the Turks to reason but the force of arms. The Egyptian government affirms that there is no slave-trade carried on in that region, and does not know what other governments mean by making such a complaint; and yet it remains a party to the infamous business, and draws a profit from it, for the very army of Egypt is recruited by these negro hunts.

Any one who in Khartoom has money enough to hire a couple of boats, and fit out sixty or seventy thieves and cut-throats

with weapons, tries his luck in an expedition up the Nile. They go up the river as far as possible, land near a village at night, set fire to it, cut down all that offer any resistance, and seize and bind in chains any human being that they can find. Then this load of human flesh is transported to some place well enough known to the officers of the viceroy, but who remain in ignorance in view of a large bribe which they receive to induce them not to interfere. It is said that even the government barracks have been used as places of imprisonment for these poor unfortunate wretches.

But we are sorry to say that it is not merely Egyptians and Turks that carry on this vile trade. These persons can hide themselves behind their Koran, or Bible, which says: You can keep as many slaves as your right hand can acquire. No! the

worst and most cruel slave-dealers are the Europeans. They combine savage cruelty with the basest and wildest excesses, and remind one of the outrages of the Spaniards in their conquest of America. Lejean makes some few exceptions among the European merchants of Khartoom, but brands the most of them as lost to every sentiment of manly honor. Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and others find their whole business in the negro race, and he who possesses slaves is said to have capital. In one instance, a former secretary of a foreign legation distinguished himself for unheard-of cunning and cruelty; but he, fortunately for the negroes whom he abused, came to an early death from excessive drunkenness. An Austrian then bought out his slave-pen, and continued the criminal business, while he was at the same time writing to Europe about the

cruelty of the slave hunts, and his efforts to put a stop to them.

With the highest impudence these villains will sail up the river displaying the English, French, Austrian, Turkish, and even the American flag. And wherever they leave or found a station as a place of resort, they make it a perfect nest of vice in a little time. Men, women, and children are turned into a crowd of vile drunken beasts, and are used as decoys to bring negroes to their station, that white men may steal them. In this way Gondokoro has become a shameless center of vice, and the negro race far and near is becoming greatly degraded. Many think that these wicked wretches do the negroes more harm in teaching them base wickedness than in burning their villages and killing them, or carrying them off into slavery.

These miserable men pretend to argue

that they are doing the blacks a favor in taking them from their home, and bringing them into contact with civilization. Thus these cruelties are allowable in the eyes of the Mohammedan because these negroes may in this way be made followers of Mohammed. Just as some Christians have been base enough to argue in favor of the slave-trade because it brings the negroes into a land of Christianity. But the poor negroes have not much faith in such Christians, and the result is that the few missionaries who have the courage to endeavor to approach them find all their labor to be in vain. They naturally say: You are a white man, you are a kidnapper of women and children; begone! we have no faith in you! we curse you!

From Khartoom these slaves are mostly sent to Massua, on the Red Sea, and then across to Jidda in Arabia. An Italian

gentleman from Bologna, who was for a long time English vice-consul at this port, fought for awhile with the determination of a brave man against this slave-trading. He would sometimes attack the caravans in person, and liberate the imprisoned negroes. He tried to induce the English consul in Aden, in Arabia, to join him in this opposition to the slavers, but this officer thought it injudicious to interfere with slavery carried on under the Turkish flag. This simple fact shows how little even English officers in these ports are to be relied on, and, of course, there is not the least confidence to be placed in the Egyptian and Turkish officers. If they do not carry on the trade openly on their own account they do it secretly, or they suffer it in view of the money which they receive as a bribe from the traders. An office with a salary of a thousand dollars per

annum may in this way be made to yield at least ten thousand.

Lejean calculates that from 1852 to 1862 the White Nile gave about six thousand slaves annually, and that in each of the following two years the number rose to fifteen thousand. In this way it happens that Africa is, of course, closed to honest merchants, and they are deprived of a market that might be very profitable for them. The time has, we hope, now arrived when a stop will be put to this infamous trade. The opening of the Suez Canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea will bring all the borders of this latter body of water into close communication with all the civilized countries of Europe. These will probably very soon have their fleets cruising in these regions for the protection of their own commerce, and England, France, Austria, and Italy, can

scarcely consent to the continuance of a traffic which is a disgrace to humanity. These vessels of war will watch the consuls of their respective nations in the various ports, and not hesitate to punish any of their own subjects engaged in this vile occupation, which has done more toward shutting out Africa from civilization than the savage character of its people or the inhospitable character of its deserts and marshes.





CHAPTER VIII.

HER SECOND GREAT EXPEDITION.

BUT Alexandrine Tinné did not go to Khartoom to rest. There were no great attractions for her there among these villains, whose crimes she had become well acquainted with by experience, whose vices she had seen with her own eyes, and whose wickedness she was determined to thwart by all the means in her power.

She sought Khartoom simply as a post from which to fit out a second and still greater expedition. The partial failure of her first one had taught her many lessons by which she hoped to profit, and had shown her how much might be done to alleviate the sad condition of the poor

negroes. But, above all, the exceeding interest then being manifested by English, German, and French explorers seemed to fire up her spirit to new deeds. She determined to have a share in the discoveries hoped for in the vast regions west of the White Nile, along the borders of the Gabelle River, and in the land of the Niàm-Nams.

This almost totally unexplored country was then the great object of interest, and the strangest stories concerning it were told in Khartoom. Some declared the inhabitants to be a race of men with tails, and cannibals in the bargain—eating each other with a relish. Others related most remarkable things concerning the large and numerous rivers that cross and recross each other, and have never been explored. And still others affirmed the existence of immense lakes, which was just what all explorers

thought to be the true sources of the Nile. But these were all the loose and unreliable stories of the ivory-dealers, who cared little about the real truth so that they could relate marvelous adventures.

Miss Tinné began to feel an ardent desire to do something toward advancing the condition of accurate geographical knowledge of Africa. Her first great expedition had partaken somewhat of the character of a grand pleasure excursion, but she now began to feel that the great outlay and exertions that she was making ought to bring positive usefulness to the world. And to this she just now found a most favorable opportunity.

Two devoted and enthusiastic travelers, Heuglin and Steudner, had just returned, worn out and poor, from a very extensive and remarkable tour through Abyssinia, to its King, Theodore, and were then in

Khartoom without means or hopes of doing any thing more. They had ardently desired to press forward into Waday, to learn, if possible, something of the fate of their celebrated countryman, Edward Vogel, who had not been heard from for a long time. But another explorer, who had just been traveling through Kordofan, proved to them that this was an impossibility. They were now without an object, and quite unwilling to leave the scene of so many trials and labors without having accomplished some more positive results.

In this condition Miss Tinné found them, and they being Germans and she from Holland, they felt almost like fellow-countrymen. She saw they were men of great determination and accurate scientific culture, and offered them honorable positions in her expedition, which they gladly accepted. Dr. Steudner was a celebrated

botanist, and became at once the private physician of Miss Tinné and the overseer of the general health of the expedition. Heuglin was a renowned ornithologist, and knew all about the birds of Africa better than he understood the men. With such additions the expedition became a scientific one, and had a definite object. And besides these gentlemen there also joined them a Baron from Holland, a relative of the ladies, who had been living for some time in Soudan, and hunting African beasts in company with a Prince of Coburg. This became, therefore, a very celebrated expedition, and some of the results of it have been published in a work entitled, "Heuglin's Journey to the Region of the White Nile."

It was arranged that Heuglin and Steudner should precede the rest of the company awhile, and sail up the Nile as far as a

well-known station, called Meshra, there to await the ladies, and learn all they could as to the means of penetrating the highlands of the south-western sources of the river, in the land of the Niam-Nams. This Meshra—the word means an anchorage or stopping-place—plays a very important part in the commercial history of the Nile. It is only a narrow marshy pool, south of the Gazelle River, with which it is connected.

This is the station to which the ivory-dealers of Khartoom resort to take in their cargoes, and it is sometimes filled with their boats. The ivory itself is brought thither from the settlements of the interior. The climate there is extremely unhealthy, and the whole region quite as swampy and forbidding as that alluded to in speaking of the White Nile.

Heuglin sailed through Lake No to the

Gazelle River, and reached Meshra after a journey of twenty days. Heuglin was a mighty hunter, and his passion led him to make a study of all the birds in that part of Africa that he visited. Therefore, while on this journey, as on all others, he was ever shooting birds, studying their nature, habits, and plumage, and preserving and taking with him as many specimens as he could transport.

His connection with Miss Tinné's expedition gave him a fine opportunity to indulge his taste, and extend his studies. The beautiful birds of Africa are much indebted to him for an introduction to the scientific world. And after many journeys and a twelve years' sojourn in Africa he returned to his native Germany, and is now publishing the story of the birds of North-eastern Africa. This work is a monument of German diligence and learn-

ing, and his countrymen are very proud of it and of him. It shows that his labors were inspired by love of knowledge, and sustained by an unbounded enthusiasm.

He has proved himself perfectly at home in the bird-world, which is one of the most attractive fields of natural history, and especially in that portion of it which is most beautiful, and at the same time the least known to the world and scientific men, namely, the birds of Africa. And he has not only described them with great skill and clearness, but his cunning with the pencil and the brush has enabled him to take their portraits so accurately that you would almost think that living birds must fly up from the life-like pictures of his book. He expects to devote years yet to this monument of his life and labors in Africa, and it will doubtless live an honor to him when he is in the tomb.

But such monuments are not built without a great deal of trying labor and hardship, and he says of this very journey that for miles and miles he would only find a few square rods of dry land, and even these were ant-hills built around the trunks of fallen trees. Daily he would wander for miles, wading in mire and water from one to three feet deep, sometimes sinking away down in the numerous elephant tracks. At times he would come into regions where the grass was so high as to be above his head and prevent him from seeing any thing around, while there was at the same time an entire absence of trees. The only way, then, in which he could find out where he was, and what direction he ought to take, was to ascend the ant-hills, which are there sometimes as large as a negro cabin.

Hundreds and hundreds of elephants

were roaming joyously through the swamps, at times raising their trunks and uttering loud cries, and then with their large fan-shaped ears driving away swarms of flies. Some of them were followed by large numbers of herons, the great wading bird of the African swamps; these birds would sometimes light on them and fairly cover them. Every now and then a great hippopotamus would go grunting through the reeds, and then, with a mighty plunge, throw himself into the neighboring river. Herds of buffaloes were grazing on every little solid spot, and especially in the vicinity of the ant-hills, which they resemble in color; occasionally an antelope, or a pair of them, would pass by with their mighty antlers, or ascend a lofty ant-hill, and from its summit proudly gaze over their territory.



CHAPTER IX.

THE EXPEDITION IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE main body of the expedition was now approaching this wilderness. Miss Tinné and her mother had left Khartoom with an immense train of followers and baggage; the aunt had remained behind. There were two European maids and an Italian interpreter on the steamer, as special servants to the heroine of the journey. For the baggage and the ordinary men and servants they had hired two passenger and two freight boats. On these were two hundred persons, thirty mules and donkeys, four camels, Miss Tinné's riding-horse, and ammunition and provisions for ten months.

But this great number of servants and soldiers, and this mass of baggage and ornaments and utensils of all kinds, proved to be a fatal mistake; so heavy were some of the lighter things that the glass beads weighed no less than three thousand pounds, and there were about twelve thousand ornamental shells; these are greatly prized by the negroes as ornaments for their persons, and will go farther than money in buying food and favors. On many occasions it proved almost impossible to move the ponderous train containing all these things; and this difficulty would sometimes bring the expedition to a dead halt, and very frequently added to the troubles of the enterprise. The whole affair looked very grand, however, on leaving Khartoom; and the stately expedition set sail amid the firing of cannon and the waving of handkerchiefs. But, alas! how

little they then thought that of all this troop so few would ever return.

After many troubles and hinderances, this fleet, with its heroic leader, landed safely in Meshra. As it entered the port it formed one of the most brilliant spectacles of the kind that had ever been seen in the interior of Africa. Twenty Nile boats lying there at anchor had run up their flags in honor of the "Sultan's daughter," and their crews received the strangers with volleys of musketry that were answered by the arriving boats.

The first thing to be performed there was to see that all the necessary things for the great journey were on hand, and an investigation proved unfortunately that many things were still needed, notwithstanding the great outlay in money that had already been made; indeed, so many things were still wanting that it was neces

sary to send the Baron with the steamer back to Khartoom to purchase the needed supplies. This was a most unpleasant place for a delay, for the region was very unhealthy, and a few square rods was about all the dry land that could be obtained for the accommodation of all these people.

The first object of the travelers was to reach the Kosanga River, which comes from the west about eighty miles in a direct line from Meshra. One can obtain some idea of the difficulty of traveling in these regions from the fact that the company was only able to reach this point after great difficulty and the most stupendous exertions, and that they could not reach the great aim of their journey, which was the unknown land of the Niam-Nams. Some of the camels that had been brought through the swamps as far as Meshra had already died on account of their unaccus-

tomed and fearful exertions; the remaining beasts of burden were not sufficient to transport the baggage, and the Khartoom traders settled in Meshra were glad to lay all sorts of impediments in the way of the expedition. They were exceedingly angry that Miss Tinné had come into "their land," as they called it, to spy into their shameful dealings with the negroes, and be a spectator of their cruel kidnapping.

Heuglin and Dr. Steudner therefore resolved to venture into the interior to try their fortune in hiring black porters for the baggage, whom they could send to Meshra, where the ladies were to await them. We will follow them then for awhile, for on their exertions and success will depend the advance of the entire expedition.

Pressing on through the marshes and swamps toward the west, they at last

arrived at the higher and woody region through which flows the river Djour, which finally empties into the Gazelle. They found this country filled, every-where, with the only articles that had until then been used in trade, namely, glass beads and copper bracelets; these were every-where used as money, and as the people had an abundance of them, they found it almost impossible to buy the necessary food for themselves and servants. And it was also almost impossible to obtain pack-men, or porters, among the negroes even with the largest offers of copper, because the ivory-dealers of Khartoom, who often hired negroes to go with their caravans as porters, seldom paid them and sent them back to their houses, but were far more likely to chain them in the slave-yoke on the way, and send them as booty to the Nile, to be sold to the Arab slave-traders.

This base deception had frightened the negroes, who not only were unwilling to join caravans to be plundered, stolen, or murdered, but were quite likely to get out of the way of all that came, or attack them if they were strong enough. The natives could not distinguish innocent travelers, who were their friends, from those who were their most brutal enemies, and therefore good men were obliged to suffer, which was especially the case just now with Heuglin and Steudner.

Therefore, as they could hire no porters on the banks of the Djour, they went farther to the west. To increase their misfortune, they were both violently attacked by the fever; the climate began to show its fatal influence. They commenced also to run out of provisions, and especially of just those things that they most needed in case of sickness. No wonder, then, that

both continued to grow weaker and weaker, so that even the largest doses of quinine did not seem at all to affect the fever that was penetrating to the very marrow of their bones. Thus exhausted, they reached the village of Wau, a little west of the river, and here the climate claimed its first victim of the expedition. In spite of all the aid that his friend and companion Heuglin could afford him, Dr. Steudner fell a prey to the repeated attacks of the fatal fever. His mourning comrade buried him under a group of trees, and was obliged to hurry on to the Bongo land in search of assistance. Here he succeeded in procuring about one hundred and fifty pack-carriers, and with them hastened to Meshra. The ladies were delighted to see him, for he had been absent nearly six weeks in performing his difficult task. But matters were little better in Meshra;

the mother of Miss Tinné was very sick of the feyer, that had taken a fatal hold on her, and never left her, and nearly all the other members of the expedition were suffering from this fearful pest of Africa.

We can therefore imagine the joy of these sorely tried ladies after the long delay when they saw their friend return with a band of porters, and their sorrow when they learned at what a sacrifice they had been obtained. The death of the Doctor cast a gloom over all, and seemed to forebode the disasters that were in store for them. And then they were all astounded at the enormous demands of these men for carrying the baggage to Kosanga River, only seventy-five miles distant; they were to receive no less than one thousand dollars and their food.

In order to proceed through these morasses and the ever-widening water-courses

of these interminable swamps, Miss Tinné purchased of the English Consul, who had just arrived in Meshra on a trading journey, a boat made of gum elastic, or India rubber, that could be inflated by means of large bellows when it was needed for use, and then emptied of air, and carried by about six men; this was of great use to her.

In the meanwhile the Baron had arrived from Khartoom with a new supply of provisions; but the tropical rains had also come by the time the expedition was prepared to start. The land had previously been one great marsh, but the pouring floods now turned it into one great lake. Through this it was necessary to wade, or swim, or sail, in order to advance, and advance they must in order to get into the higher land, away from the valley of the river, where they would all have been

drowned. We can imagine the condition of the ladies under these circumstances, and yet they never lost courage. The water fell in streams from the clouds; the land, as far as the eye could reach, was one great watery surface, and very often they had not a dry thread on their backs; and, to make the matter worse, the intermittent fever was shaking them to pieces.

In this condition they arrived at the Djour, which was already a swollen, stormy flood; the Europeans crossed it safely with their rubber boat, but a large portion of the provision was thoroughly soaked or entirely lost. At last they arrived at the settlement of an Italian named Biselli, situated in Bongo. This man, like most of his fellows in Africa, carried on a profitable trade in slaves and ivory; and we need, therefore, hardly say that the expedition was not very warmly welcomed by him.

It interfered with his occupation, and greatly increased the price of all kinds of supplies from the unusual demand that it made, and the fame of the wealth of Miss Tinné, of which every one was inclined to take advantage.

It also happened just then that there was almost a famine in that region ; neither cattle nor grain could be obtained for the highest prices, and sometimes the ladies, who were now both sick, could scarcely obtain a bowl of broth, but were obliged to eat the sour and unpalatable bread made of a coarse grain called doura. In addition to this, the rain continued to pour down in torrents, although they were away from the swampy region, and in the higher forest land, that was covered with trees and resembled a beautiful park. The copious rains after the dry season gave new life to vegetation, and the numerous climb-

ing plants wound round and round the trees in all the fresh and beautiful green of spring.

Things continued to grow worse every day; the Italian became more and more unfriendly, and the animals for baggage and for riding sickened and died, one after another. Messengers had again been sent to Khartoom after provisions, but one could scarcely count on their return before six months. In addition to this they learned that the Kosanga River was so swollen with the floods that it would be impossible to carry the baggage across it. And to transport four hundred loads of baggage to that river, only distant about three days' journey, the Italian trader demanded sixteen hundred dollars. Miss Tinné was about to yield even to this shameless demand, when circumstances rendered this course unnecessary.

The sickness of her mother became more and more alarming; they had used up all their medicine, and in spite of the most affectionate and self-sacrificing care of the daughter, who passed day and night by the mother's side, she yielded to the slow disease that had been so long exhausting all her strength. Her death, and the sad condition of the expedition, put an end to the enterprise, and Miss Tinné resolved to return. She, however, offered the remains of her supplies to Heuglin if he wished to press forward; but his means were too limited to justify him in undertaking an extensive journey, and he also resolved to return with her.

But their misfortunes were not yet at an end; blow seemed to follow blow. Heuglin had a friend who was a German gardener; he had hastened on ahead to reconnoiter the region of the Kosanga

Mountains. He, too, suddenly died of the dysentery. The two European maid-servants of Miss Tinné followed him to the grave, and then the Italian interpreter, not to mention the many native servants that also died. Thus six Europeans had died during the expedition, and the only ones that arrived in Khartoom were Miss Tinné, Heuglin, and the Baron; and the first news they received in Khartoom was that of the death of Miss Tinné's aunt, the Baroness.





CHAPTER X.

THE RESULTS OF THE EXPEDITION.

YOU will naturally say that these were mere waste of money, suffering, and death. But not so. The cost, it is true, was great and terrible; yet there was something gained. Science was greatly enriched by it. Heuglin brought back with him a large collection of rare birds, and a very rich experience in relation to the bird-world of Africa. This, as we have before said, is now being published in a beautiful and useful form. The same profit would have been gained for the world of plants but for the sad death of poor Dr. Steudner; he had gained a great deal of information, but it died with him.

Then a great deal of important information was obtained regarding the manners and customs of the various unknown tribes of this region; and the personal experience of the members of the expedition was largely increased by what they learned of the cannibal tribes living in the southern country of Niàm-Nam. The position of the station of Meshra, on the Nile, was definitely settled, as well as the course of the Djaur and Kosanga rivers. In short, all of the confused water-courses to the west of the White Nile were made much more intelligible by the accounts of this enterprise.

This expedition brought news for the first time of the existence of the Senna River, which flows westwardly in the country of the Niàms, is broader than the White Nile, and is navigable for large boats. But of very special interest was

the knowledge brought of the existence of a large lake in the south, with flat shores; the people living on the northern end of this lake reported that they had sailed south for twenty-four hours without being able to discover the land of the opposite shore. Just at that time English explorers were searching every-where for large inland lakes as sources of the Nile, and since then have discovered some very large and important ones. But this lies farther west than any of theirs, and an Italian trader traveling through the land has since discovered it, and reported it to the European world. Miss Tinné's expedition deserves the credit of having given the first information of it to the world.

The expedition was obliged to remain till the end of the rainy season, as it was almost impossible to travel; during all this time a large amount of valuable informa-

tion was gained about the general character of the country. The rainy season there lasts until about the middle of October, then they have beautiful weather; the floods subside, and the birds again appear in numbers. They had large quantities of vegetables and wild honey, and the health of the surviving European members of the expedition began to improve. They now began to think of returning, but could not do so until about January, because the vessels would not arrive at Meshra, from Khartoom, before that time.

They finally arrived safely at Meshra, and found a good supply of provisions awaiting them there, and, after a good rest, they commenced the return journey. This was not without its difficulties, arising mainly from the interference of the natives on the one hand and the slave-traders on the other. The negroes thought the exp-

dition was coming to get slaves, and the traders knew that it was trying to pry into and break up their trade.

After they had passed Lake No and entered the White Nile they came upon an immense barrier of trees and plants, which the Shillook negroes had constructed with a view of barring up the river. It was made, indeed, of every thing in the vegetable line that they could collect together, and formed a large island, on which one could walk about with dry feet. It took the hard labor of about one hundred and fifty men for two days to break a passage through it.

At Hellet, where the mighty Mohammed-Cher had wished to proclaim Miss Tinné Queen of Soudan, a great change had taken place. This man-stealer had been driven away, and an Egyptian officer was ruler in his place.

Farther down the stream the expedition encountered some of the river pirates or slave-stealers, and had a sharp skirmish with them; shots were exchanged, and finally one of the piratical boats was captured, and brought to Khartoom for trial and punishment. Miss Tinné at last reached this head-quarters for Central Africa, after an absence of a year and a half. She had spent nearly three years in Soudan, and during this time this mysterious and barbarous land had become to her as a home, notwithstanding all the terrors of its climate and the cruelty and degradation of its people.

She had become better acquainted with it than any other explorer, and had definitely settled a great many geographical points. If she had done nothing else than fix the position of Meshra, at the head of Gazelle River, as a convenient harbor and

stopping-place for expeditions, her labors would have entitled her to the gratitude of subsequent travelers, as this knowledge was of prime importance to them in making their arrangements for expeditions. Even her failures had taught the world a great and useful lesson; some one must suffer and make mistakes in these great enterprises, while gaining the knowledge necessary to make them a success.

Those who profit by this experience are apt to reap all the credit, as was the case with a subsequent expedition to these same regions by the celebrated Frenchman whom we have already named. Indeed, Miss Tinné was the first to suggest to the world that Africa was only to be conquered by great expeditions, such as she with her vast wealth, or a sovereign with his advantages, could undertake. A great many little bands of two, three, or five

undaunted men had undertaken the task of exploration. Some had never returned; others came back to relate their marvelous stories, and entertain and instruct the world.

Miss Tinné desired to take with her a force that could make itself felt for the moral and material welfare of Africa, and, although she seemed to do but little, she certainly laid the foundation of new efforts that will, probably, regenerate the land. Just now a monster expedition is making its way up the Nile to the extreme interior, which received its impetus from the fact that Miss Tinné's example caused men to think it possible and desirable.

And, lastly, among the results of this expedition, we must not omit a strange collection of native negroes, which Miss Tinné brought with her to illustrate the different types of the various tribes that

she met with. While Heuglin was studying and capturing the birds, she was busy among the inhabitants, and wherever she found peculiarly formed individuals, who were evidently the representative of another branch of the race, she captured them by kindness, and brought them along. They were, indeed, glad to come with her, for they were mostly recaptured slaves that had been stolen far in the interior.

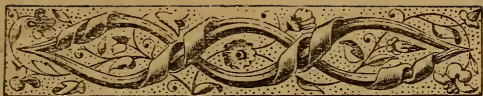
She had eighteen of these specimens of varieties of the race, and they attracted so much attention among intelligent and scientific men that they were first painted by a skillful artist, and finally engraved and printed in the great illustrated papers of Germany.

But the greatest result of this expedition was, doubtless, the moral blow it struck at the internal slave-trade. Before her visit to these regions little else was done

in them; just now the Viceroy is sustaining a great expedition, whose main object is to suppress the slave-trade and introduce the blessings of civilization.

Who, therefore, shall say that her efforts, trials, and sufferings were in vain?





CHAPTER XI.

HER RETURN TO CAIRO.

THERE were no attractions for Miss Tinné in Khartoom; for, in the first place, she had begun an action against its Governor on account of his complicity with the slave-trade, and was about to request the Pasha of all Egypt to remove him because he carried on this trade in human flesh. Of this she had obtained a multitude of proofs. And then, in the next place, the state of her health absolutely demanded rest and a more healthy climate. The few survivors of the expedition were almost broken down by its trials and dangers. Leaving, therefore, the main body of her attendants to come down the

river in their boats, she proceeded by caravan to the Red Sea; then, at the port of Suakim, she embarked on a steamer for Suez, and arrived safely in Cairo.

Now you will say that she set out immediately for her European home and friends; but not so! She resolved to make the land that contained the precious remains of her mother and aunt her future home, strange as it may seem. Her stepbrother, learning of her great misfortunes, hastened to Egypt to comfort her in her affliction, and accompany her to Europe. But he returned without accomplishing his object; his sister absolutely refused to leave Africa.

She was very much oppressed in spirit on account of the death of the mother whom she loved dearly, and who loved her so much as to be willing to follow her in her strange adventures. And to this

was added the grief of the loss of so many other friends in an enterprise of her own instigation. She seemed to desire retirement for a time, and settled in Cairo, where, as a woman, she could hide herself from society as much as she pleased.

To occupy her mind, she began to pay more and more attention to her oriental tastes, and, in accordance with her resolve never again to return to Europe, she sought to become entirely a daughter of the East. She carried this inclination to such an extent that some of her friends and acquaintances began to doubt her soundness of mind, and others to question the propriety of her conduct. Even scandal did its work. But these attacks on her character fell harmless to the ground. All that could be proved was that Miss Tinné was exceedingly strange and eccentric, and those who could not comprehend her, or did not

sympathize with her, felt like finding fault with her.

She had long ago discarded all European fashions, and adopted the beautiful flowing dress of the Arabian ladies, which so fittingly clothed her fine tall figure. She would have none but Arabian or African servants around her, and in her house she sat on divans, like the Orientals, instead of using the European chair. Every thing around her bore an oriental stamp, and she was indeed likely to become in feeling a daughter of the grand ruler of Stamboul. She had hired a house in the older town of Cairo, where Europeans seldom penetrate, and she consequently saw but little of them, and her presence was scarcely known to them.

By mere accident one day she met a friend whom she had formerly known and esteemed; she greeted him, and bid him

come and see her in her oriental retreat. He was a German artist, named Gentz, who had spent some time in the East taking pictures of oriental life, and therefore had sharp eyes for all that was interesting. He visited his friend, and has painted her surroundings not only with pencil but with pen, and he tells his story so gracefully that we give it as a model one to our readers.





CHAPTER XII.

THE ARTIST'S STORY.

ONE day, while promenading in the *Grand Allée* of the Schubrah in Cairo, where all the fine carriages of the harems of the Grand Khedive of Egypt and the Pashas were rolling by in state, a friendly motion of a hand and head in one of the carriages greeted me, and I perceived that it came from a veiled lady, enveloped in dazzling silk. My astonishment was great, but that of my companion was greater, for he had lived for many years in Egypt, and knew the stern customs that bind oriental ladies.

I first thought it an intentional and

jesting mystification, until I learned from one of the accompanying servants that the inmate of the carriage was Miss Tinné. I had made her acquaintance through Heuglin, at the time of her grand expedition to the region of the Gazelle River, at the same time that I made the acquaintance of the English Consul for Central Africa, who, with his wife, was ascending the river by orders of the English government, to meet Speke and Grant on their return. After years of hardship they had returned again into the regions of civilization, and I was the first European who had the pleasure of congratulating them, on their return, at their success in overcoming so many terrible difficulties.

Miss Tinné was at that time extremely low-spirited. She had lost mother and aunt on the fatal journey, in consequence of the deadly climate, and by whom she

was very ardently loved. And Dr. Steudner, her physician, whom she greatly esteemed, became also a victim, as did one after another of her faithful European maids. Death had robbed her of nearly every dear relative, and taken from her all the European connections with her home. She seemed resolved to leave things in this condition, and repeatedly declared that she would never again visit Europe, although her step-brother had kindly hastened to her assistance and escort.

She stood firm against all enticements in this direction, and was maturing a plan to build a castle near Cairo, on the Island of Rhodes, in the Nile, where the gardens of Ibrahim Pasha were proud in the beauty of southern vegetation. For this purpose she had engaged the services of the architect of the Viceroy, a German from Wiesbaden; he had built the royal

palace of Ghesirah, and she desired him to present plans to her. She was also negotiating with a celebrated architect for Moorish styles, my friend for many years, who was unfortunately snatched from a field of great usefulness by an attack of the fearful small-pox.

In her plans for building Miss Tinné ran into the most eccentric styles. Nothing was sufficiently fantastical or labyrinthine for her. The Arabian architecture, with its winding and involved arabesques, and the irregularity in the height of adjoining rooms—with its projections and ranges of columns—was well calculated to satisfy this desire. The Viceroy of Egypt, however, who did not fancy this Holland lady for a neighbor, interfered with her architectural plans. She had brought before him an accusation against the Governor of Khar-toom on account of ill-treatment received

at his hands, and demanded his dismissal. The Viceroy did not wish to grant this request, although the injustice done the lady was clear. This was his main interest in not wishing her to make a permanent settlement in Egypt, and especially so near him.

As nearly two thirds of the land in that region belongs to the Viceroy, and almost all the remaining third to the mosques, there was no difficulty in exerting such an influence on the owners that Miss Tinné could not secure ground enough, in any acceptable place, for her proposed castle. Thus she finally left the Nile on her own steamer, to coast along the shores of the Mediterranean. For a time her vessel lay at Civita Vecchia, whence she made many visits to Rome. It was natural that her appearance here, surrounded by her troop of black servants, excited a great deal of curiosity.

She finally resolved on a journey from Tripoli through the desert to Timbuctoo, and for this purpose endeavored to secure the company of Rohlf, who had just returned from a most daring adventure across the trackless desert of Morocco. But, unfortunately for her, the noble young traveler had just received orders from the King of Prussia to accompany the English expedition to Abyssinia; this forced him to decline the invitation of Miss Tinné.

It is difficult to describe the labyrinthine confusion of oriental cities to one who has never seen them. I myself, having lived in many of them; could not again find the dwelling of Miss Tinné in Old Cairo, although Heuglin had conducted me there the first time. But the native smartness of the donkey-boys of Cairo helped me out of my difficulty. These boys with their

donkeys are like the cabs and cabmen of European cities.

As I was groping about in Old Cairo, peering into every street to discover some sign of Miss Tinné's house, one of these donkey-boys, with large sphinx-like eyes, said to me, "Effendi, are you looking for the Dutch Countess?" for by this title the generous lady had acquired a reputation among the donkey-owners of the old city. The Egyptians are inborn tormentors of beasts, and especially of the poor donkey. Induced by her warm and sympathizing heart, Miss Tinné had taken some of the half-murdered animals from the boys, to nurse and cure them. This fact had become known, and thus it happened that very soon from all quarters sick donkeys, and other mangy and worn-out beasts, were sent to the "Dutch Countess" to be cured. Her mansion bid fair to be turned

into a donkey hospital, when she was at last obliged to refuse admission to any more patients.

On the outside Miss Tinné's house resembled a dilapidated ruin. I was led through the dark passages of the lower story, taking the place of our cellars, of which there are none on the Nile, and arrived, by the attention of my little Egyptian guide, in an open yard, where I could again breathe freely. The dark azure-blue sky, and the golden crowns of three lofty palms lighted by a burning sun, lent to the ruin-like structure that picturesque tint that artists so rejoice to find.

On some stone steps in the open air, which led to the dilapidated rear buildings, some monkeys were sunning themselves. Little negro slaves, boys and girls, lay in the warm sunshine on the ground; large negresses from Soudan inquisitively

stuck out of broken window-panes their wooley heads, with brilliant eyes and teeth. Long-haired Nubian grayhounds, trained to the chase of the gazelle, came jumping and playing toward me. An old white-haired Berber, such as is usually found tending the doors in Egyptian houses, received my card, to announce me to the mistress of the strange establishment.

Having soon returned, he led me into a second court, where I passed by large open rooms containing an immense collection of curiosities illustrating the manners and customs of the Central Africans; it required no less than fifty camels to transport these from the interior of Africa. Among these were curious weapons, stuffed birds, antlers of the antelope, horns of the rhinoceros, and all the household utensils of the various tribes of Soudan. These were lying around still unarranged.

Miss Tinné comes to meet me; she wears an oriental turban wound round her head, and an Egyptian dress, with long flowing sleeves of changeable gray silk; this was thrown over a black mourning dress. Her feet were covered in Arabian style with long morocco boots. The tall, beautiful, pale figure, affected by grief and sickness, with her decidedly intellectual features, and easy, refined manners, could not but leave a pleasant impression on every one.

Her reception-room, into which I was conducted, was an ancient harem, one side of which was composed entirely of windows. From the outside it was not possible to look into the room, because the windows were covered with finely carved and grated bow window-frames; through these a soft and delicate light was shed into the room, which produced a sort of mystical charm. The floor was composed of

inlaid marble of various colors, and the ceiling of wainscoting, adorned with fancy carvings in the Turkish style.

All around the walls were the usual Turkish divans, instead of chairs, the frames of which were formed of wood of the palm-tree. In the center of the room were a few peculiar low seats, resting on three supports, and most whimsically carved; these were from the land of the Niàm-Nams. The only piece of European furniture was a small, modest wooden table, on which was a large Arabian lantern, such as are to-day in use among the Turkish Pashas. By the side of this were scattered the books and drawings of Heuglin.

For me as an artist this visit to Miss Tinné was of the greatest interest, because it afforded me an opportunity to take sketches of the many slaves of every tribe from the most inaccessible regions of Af-

rica. She yielded to my wishes in this respect with great readiness and kindness. Among the girls I especially observed one young creature about fourteen years old, of the tribe of the Gallas, which is celebrated for its beauty. She might have sat for a model of a queen of her race. The children hastened to show me their arms and breasts, that I might admire the scorpions, serpents, and crocodiles that were tattooed on them in the most unique and fantastic forms.

These eighteen remarkable specimens of the black and brown races Miss Tinné informed me had voluntarily followed her, because in their wild native land they were continually exposed to the fearful cruelties of the never-ceasing slave-trade. From a missionary who had seen her in the interior of Africa, I learned that she had often taken a severely wounded slave

on her own beast, and herself waded for hours in the deepest mire. She certainly had a most sympathizing heart.

While I was sketching her negroes she would sit in Arabian style on the floor, looking at me, and seemed never to grow weary in recounting to me her adventures. The extensive marshy regions about the sources of the Nile appeared to have recalled to her memory her early Holland home; the boundless green meadows on which her young eyes had rested rose vividly to her eyes. Indeed, she complained of being sometimes satiated with verdure, and longed for the dry and yellow sands of the desert.





CHAPTER XIII.

FOUR YEARS OF LONGING.

THE artist closed his story with an expression which gives us the key-note for the present chapter. Miss Tinné had withdrawn into a species of solitude, and seemed desirous of shunning the ordinary world. And thus she lived for about four years, in which time but little was known or heard about her. But her heart was by no means satisfied; it was filled with an undefined longing after something. She first proposed to build a fairy-like, oriental home in the midst of the Nile, where she could ever behold its rolling waters, see its luxuriant gardens, and be surrounded by

the creatures whom she had rescued from the cruelties of bondage.

We have related how she was thwarted in this intention, and given a picture of her home in Cairo, where the artist found her cut off from all European associations, and surrounded by servants and arrangements that would as far as possible keep her in the interior of Africa. She seemed for a time to devote herself almost entirely to the task of indulging these beings in whatever they might desire. She kept a perfect swarm of them around her, and thus erected a little world in her own domain.

They soon showed their natural inclination to lead a loose and easy life, and use their mistress's heart and money to make lords of themselves instead of servants. Miss Tinné was so willing to yield to all Oriental ways that she permitted her

chief servants to have several wives, as is the custom all over the East with those who are rich enough to keep up an establishment. This brought into her household a new element and increased numbers. The subordinate servants soon claimed the same favor, which she had not the heart to deny them, and so in a short time she had around her a perfect colony of servants, with their numerous wives and children. These she all retained, and thus her later journeys bore the appearance of great emigrant-trains, with women, children, and all the household gods.

As she did not feel like mingling with the world, she adopted the Oriental fashion of exclusiveness within her own walls, but here her subjects were so numerous that she did not want for society, and that, for the present, of a kind in accordance with her own strange caprices. These children,

and a pack of beautiful Egyptian hounds, afforded her many an hour of favorite amusement.

In connection with her dogs is told an amusing story of a young German student who for a time became a member of her household as master of the hounds. He had read in his German home, on the river Elbe, of the thrilling adventures in Africa of the celebrated German traveler Rohlfs, and the story of them set him almost mad on the subject. He became crazy to penetrate the jungles and marshes, and cross the desert in search of adventures. He had no means, and no hopes, and not the least prospect of being successful in this line of duty.

But presently he hears that Rohlfs is preparing for a new expedition, and he resolves to go along whether he can or not. He leaves his home, and after the most

wonderful adventures, deprivations, hardships, and dangers, he succeeds in reaching Africa, and finding the renowned traveler. But what could Rohlf do with a mere boy, with no means in his pocket, and an education so unfinished that his experience and observations could be of no possible use to the world. He told the young madcap that he could not possibly grant him his wish, but recommended him to Miss Tinné, who might, perhaps, find some way to make him useful.

The lady did not want him, but in the kindness of her heart could not turn him away in a strange and distant land, and thus installed him as master of her Arabian grayhounds. He continued to perform the duties of this office until about a month before she began her last journey, but about this time one of the dogs died, and she made this the occasion to dismiss

the useless keeper. The young man owes his own life to the dog's death, for had he gone on the last expedition he would never have returned alive.

Some persons who did not like Miss Tinné's special favor for colored surroundings said the mistake in the young man was his color; had he been of jetty black he would have found a warmer welcome. But the truth was that the lady had acquired a certain dislike for every thing of a European stamp, and wanted nothing of that origin around her. And the question was very naturally and frequently asked, Why?

The lady herself never answered the question; many busybodies have tried to do so, and thus have retailed a great variety of stories. Some say that the fame of her wealth, her beauty, and her natural talents, with her accomplishments, attracted

the attention of a great many gentlemen, who thus became suitors for her hand. She suspected that their object was more her fortune than herself, and rejected them, preferring to exhaust the love of her heart in exciting travel, and devotion to humanity wherever she could find a fitting object for care and labor. The gossips say that two noblemen followed her as far as Khartoom, in the hopes of presenting to her greater attractions than she could find in the swamps of the Upper Nile.

Thus the most remarkable stories were floating in society regarding her antipathy to the golden chains of marriage, and her mania for a life of adventure. People seemed desirous of knowing the motives that could draw her away from home and friends, into wild and dangerous lands, and cause her to find more pleasure in associa-

ting with the barbarous or half-civilized, than with the refined and cultivated of her own race.

Some find the impulse in the following sad story, which, if true, will go far toward inducing us to pardon many of her foibles. At the time when she was still living in her native city of the Hague, she made the acquaintance of a distinguished foreign gentleman, who was connected with one of the German embassies. Among the many claimants who strove to gain this lady, so distinguished for her personal and intellectual gifts, he was the one favored above all others. But their association, begun under such favorable auspices, came to a very sad close; the chosen one proved finally to be a very unworthy and undesirable man. He was obliged to leave Holland very suddenly, and all his subsequent efforts to approach Miss Tinné re-

mained unavailing; but he followed her even to Egypt.

It is probable that all the many stories, scattered broadcast concerning Miss Tinné's aversion to marriage, may be reduced to this attested one. This deception left a bitter thorn in her breast, and may have induced her to shun the society where she met with so galling and painful an experience, and added strength to the resolution to give free play to her inclination for travel and adventure.

Those who were not acquainted with her, and not aware of the influences that impelled her, and who knew nothing of her but her adventurous and strange expeditions, naturally acquired very peculiar and not very favorable ideas regarding her mode of life. And, in the demoralized and gossiping Orient, whose inhabitants could not at all comprehend so strange a

soul in a woman, there was no lack of ill-humored stories concerning her. But not a single slander of them all proved true. Those who were favored with her friendship, and knew her well on account of having traveled with her, praise the purity of her character, her magnanimity, and her astonishing generosity. But they, at the same time, do not conceal many rough, peculiar, and strange phases of her character, which, perhaps, received new strength by her life in the wilds of Africa.

But, whatever may have been the motives, she was thoroughly wedded to Oriental life, and her four years' residence in Cairo seemed only one continuous longing to engage in some new enterprise. This desire she satisfied by occasional journeys throughout the waters and to the ports of the Mediterranean. She purchased a

steamboat, and, always accompanied by a portion of her black attendants, visited nearly every important port of the Mediterranean. Thus she saw Smyrna, Constantinople, Naples, and Rome.

Then she returned to the northern shores of Africa, and left no prominent place here unvisited. She remained a longer or shorter time at Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. At this last station her attention was attracted by the large caravans arriving from the south. These traveled over the golden sands of the desert, from points as distant as Lake Tchad, coming to the Mediterranean richly laden with the productions of those marvelous regions in the heart of Africa.

The accounts of such travelers as Barth, Vogel, and Rohlfs reached her ears, and increased her interest in this portion of Africa, and she soon felt that she had

found the field for which she had so long been sighing. She resolved on visiting the Mohammedan regions of Soudan, as she had already visited the pagan portions of it in the distant east and south.





CHAPTER XIV.

PREPARATIONS FOR HER LAST EXPEDITION.

OUR heroine now proceeded to break up her household in Cairo, and prepared to visit the wild children of nature in the deepest interior of Africa. She felt that among them at least she was a Queen, for they continued to regard her as the dazzling daughter of the Sultan, who came among them as a ministering angel of love and kindness, ready to lavish her vast wealth on them with a generous hand.

She knew that she was undertaking a most dangerous enterprise, for the tribes of these deserts are cruel and deceitful, and she desired to make her expedition as

secure as possible. She seldom or never asked any of her European friends to protect her, but, nevertheless, while in Tunis she endeavored to obtain the protection of the Consul from Holland to view the city, and make other arrangements for her safety. To this end she had procured letters of recommendation to him from the Dutch government at the Hague.

Now she had ever created quite an excitement with her splendid train of black servants, and equipages of various kinds, and had ever been a highly honored and admired guest. But in Tunis she was destined to meet with quite a cool reception from one of her own countrymen on account of her dress. We have already said that she had long ago discarded all European fashions, and adopted the beautiful and flowing robes of the Arabian ladies. It was in this garb that she ap-

peared in Tunis, which is one of the finest cities on the African coast, and is called the Paris of the Barbary States.

She immediately called on the Dutch Consul, and through his servant requested an audience. We judge he must have been a rather sour and crusty old gentleman, entirely behind the times in the matter of allowing the ladies to do what they please in the line of novelty and enterprise. He sent word that it was not his custom to receive Arabian ladies, and refused to see her. What he meant was simply this, that no Arabian lady would ever be seen traveling through the country or the city in that manner, and especially calling on government officers; and as she had chosen to present herself as an Arabian lady, he was bound to regard her as he would have regarded one of them under the circumstances, not worthy of his attention.

Miss Tinné was not to be bluffed off in this way, and sent a second request for permission to see the official representative of her government. She at last conquered an audience, but the ill-natured Consul said to her, "Miss, when the Dutch government gave you letters of recommendation to me, I felt assured that I might expect to meet a respectable lady, and now what must I behold? *A Bedouin!*" And thus the Consul, in no flattering terms, continued to decline to be her guide through Tunis unless she would put on a European dress; this she refused to do, and immediately left the city. As an Arabian lady, she could not have passed through the city without insult, unless under consular protection, simply because it is not the custom of the country. We consider the old Consul a pretty thick-headed Dutchman, for having so little

appreciation of youth, beauty, and enterprise.

But Miss Tinné was frequently obliged to suffer for her independence as a woman, especially in the East, where it is not the custom of a lady of rank to leave her house unless thickly veiled, and accompanied by a corps of body-guards, in shape of a train of black slaves. Her friends always blamed her for carrying her aversion to men so far as to undertake most of her journeys without putting herself and troop under the protection and command of intelligent, learned, and courageous men. The results of her extensive wanderings thus remain of comparative insignificance, considering their vast outlay and great danger.

If, with her wealth, she had always associated with her a band of scientific explorers, the world would have profited

much more from her expeditions, and have given her a much greater meed of praise. And then the dangers of her journeys were greatly increased by the absence of a determined and stern ruler, who might control and awe the negro train that accompanied her, for her retinue was mostly composed of negroes.

And even many of these were the worst that she could have selected for her expedition, for they were such as had, from childhood up, been accustomed to an easy, lazy life, and had lived in Egypt, Tripoli, Algiers, and other half-civilized countries, and had thus lost all their warlike qualities, if they indeed ever possessed these necessary qualifications for such an expedition as she was planning.

This, then, seems to have been the great mistake of this final undertaking, that she did not commit the control of her servants

to a sort of military commander, and did not secure a more efficient set of negroes that might have defended her in case of attack. For she was undertaking the most dangerous task of her life, and too confidently trusting her life and fortunes to some of the most savage and notorious of the cruel tribes of the trackless Sahara, many of whom go, like the Egyptian women, with their faces always covered, that they may not be discovered in their crimes.

She endeavored to secure the services of Rohlf, the great explorer of this region, to accompany her as scientific guide and assistant, he having just returned from Bornou, after a brilliant though perilous tour, with presents for the King of Prussia. But just at this period commenced the war between the English and the King of Abyssinia, and the Prussian monarch had authorized Rohlf to accompany the En-

glish troops as his convoy, with a view of gaining all the information possible about this romantic land. Rohlf's was, therefore, obliged to decline the offer of Miss Tinné, and this circumstance probably cost her her life, for his presence, courage, and experience might have rescued her from the treachery that brought her to an untimely end.

Alone and unaided she, therefore, proceeded to fit out her expedition in Tripoli, the port on the Mediterranean where she could most easily obtain supplies for an undertaking of such magnitude. She gathered a caravan of fifty persons and seventy camels, and with these she proposed to proceed first to Mourzook, the capital of Fezzan, and thence to Bornou. There would be no very marked dangers or troubles thus far, but this was by no means the end.

The plans of Miss Tinné were far more venturesome and magnificent than this. She proposed, after reaching the famous Lake Tchad, about which so much has been written, not to return by the same route, but to proceed to the East, through Central Africa, passing over Waday, Darfur, and Cordofan, and thus reach the White Nile again. Had she succeeded in accomplishing this daring undertaking her name would, for all time, have held the first rank among African travelers, for no European had up to that time been able to perform that feat. Vogel and Beurmann had lost their lives in merely attempting it, and other explorers, starting from the east to pass over Darfur and Waday, had been obliged to stand still at the very threshold of this realm.



CHAPTER XV.

THE FATAL JOURNEY.

WITH high hopes and flattering prospects, a numerous caravan collected in Tripoli on the morning of January twenty-eighth, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine. Fifty persons and seventy camels had been engaged by this heroic adventuress, and her retinue consisted almost wholly of Arabs and Negroes; some of the latter she had brought with her from the region of the White Nile.

She had but three European attendants, two Dutch sailors, to whom she had become attached while they were serving during her cruises in the Mediterranean,

and the young German student of whom we have previously spoken. Fortunately, a favorite dog died while under his care, and Miss Tinné felt that this was an opportunity to get rid of him. He was sent back, and may thank the dog that he is now alive.

The great caravan made but slow progress, and did not reach the first stopping-place in Fezzan until about the first of March. Here they made quite a long halt before entering the stony desert that extends from that point to Mourzook. Traveling thus slowly, her fame preceded her. Far and near these savage Arabs heard of the rich Sultan's daughter. Every-where she was greeted as *Bank-er-Rey*, the daughter of the King; every-where they talked of her colossal wealth, and with greedy eyes gazed at her immense baggage-train, which they thought heavy with hidden gold.

Having arrived in Mourzook, the well-known oasis city in Fezzan, Miss Tinné was attacked by a serious illness, that detained her for some time. After her recovery she made an arrangement with a chief of the Tawarek tribe, named Ichnuchen, living beyond the Turkish territory, at Ghat. She proposed spending the summer in his domains, living in a tent, with a view of recovering her strength fully, and waiting for the rich presents which she had ordered for the Sultan of Bornou, and which were to be sent to her from Tripoli.

This chief seemed to be honest; he cheerfully promised his protection, and offered to send her an escort to bring her from Mourzook.

She had a personal interview with this chief of the desert, some distance south of Mourzook, and a friendly alliance was

formed between them, he treating her as the chief of her band. But he was just at this moment engaged in a campaign against some rebellious tribes, and could not, as she desired, accompany her to Ghat. She therefore returned to Mourzook and waited for an escort.

But, instead of one, there appeared two escorts, both led by chiefs that were tributary to Ichnuchen. Only one of these was the real envoy from Ghat, the other assumed to be. The deceiver, however, was the more cunning, and induced Miss Tinné to place herself under his protection. He had set a trap for her, and she had unfortunately fallen into it. A Sheik in Mourzook wrote to Tripoli, "Her foreordained fate drew her into this abyss," in an account of all the particulars, that he sent to that city, of her brutal murder. These Turks are nearly all fatalists; they believe

that whatever is to be, will be, and do what we will, we cannot avoid a fate that is foreordained to us.

The false chief was an enemy of Ich-nuchen, and desired to revenge himself; he thought he could do it in no more practical way than to murder his friend and ally. But he, doubtless, at the same time looked forward to robbing the rich caravan, and stealing and selling all the negroes in Miss Tinné's train; .this would be a rich revenge and a profitable business operation. In his band were some fugitive Arabians from Tripoli, who had left there on account of their crimes, and were supporting themselves in the desert from robbery. A little band of five or six seemed to have planned the murder, and the false chief consented to it for a portion of the plunder. About the middle of July the ill-fated lady started with the

traitors for Ghat. In a few days she reached a halting station south-west of Mourzook, and here the terrible event occurred.

Without anxiety, suspicious of no evil, firmly believing in the ultimate success of her journey, and full of lofty ideas concerning the future, she entered the territory of the Tawareks, whose friendly chief she expected soon to meet. The foul deed was accomplished on the morning after her arrival at this station.

As the camel-drivers were loading up the camels for the journey of the day a quarrel arose among them, and the Dutch sailors hastened out to put a stop to it, but unfortunately without their arms. At this moment Miss Tinné was standing in the door of her tent with the Tawarek chief, whom she had strangely enough favored with her confidence, and had just

invited him to inspect the wonders and curiosities of her camp. She stepped forward for a moment to inquire after the cause of the trouble, and assist in allaying it, when she was instantly struck down from behind with the blow of a sword.

She had received two wounds; first, a saber-blow on the right hand, that completely separated it from the body, and then a musket-shot through the breast. The former was doubtless given to prevent her from using her revolver, and by the faithless chief behind her. The shot was fired by one of the treacherous Arabs. At her cries for assistance her Dutch servants hastened to her side, but they were also murdered; one was shot, and the other pierced through by a lance.

The Tawareks now fell upon the iron water-chests, believing that these contained

her great treasures, and thus robbery was, no doubt, the main impulse to the terrible deed. Her faithful negroes, who clung to her with ardent attachment, were powerless in the hour of danger, and in the presence of these wild Arabs. They were immediately seized, manacled, and led away to be sold as slaves. But a few of her band escaped. These made their way to Mourzook to inform the Turkish authorities of the terrible crime. These Sheiks took measures immediately to pursue the murderers, obtain what they could of the remnant of Miss Tinné's effects, and bury her body.

In this they were partially successful. They caught some of the murderers, recovered a part of her property, and also a young negress, named Jasmina. For a time the Turks were inclined to suspect and punish the principal chief, Ichnuchen,

with whom Miss Tinné formed the alliance to go to his territory, and under whose protection she had placed herself. But he proved that he had no sort of connection with the escort that betrayed the unfortunate lady, and he even assisted the authorities in pursuing the traitors and assassins.

Thus the lust of gold incited these robber-chiefs to cut down in her prime a lady who bid fair to devote a long life and a boundless fortune to the welfare of Africa. She was but thirty years old, and quite able by birth and wealth, and personal power and accomplishments, to have mingled with the highest ranks of society; but the brilliancy and pomp of court life seemed to have no charms for her. She preferred to wander in the wilds of Africa, and brave the dangers of Barbary. Ever restless, she seemed only happy when her

feet were treading some unknown and distant region.

As a bold traveler, no woman has surpassed her; in this sphere she towers high above all her sisters. Human knowledge has been greatly enriched by her investigations, and she was just learning how much good she might do in this field, when she fell a victim to her too trusting confidence. But her greatest honor, and the highest claim to the esteem of the world, and the black race in particular, she gained in her restless efforts to unvail the horrors of the slave-trade, and expose and punish those who live by this nefarious traffic.

Her large-hearted generosity in carrying out her enterprises, and her persistency and endurance under the most unfavorable circumstances, insure for her name an honorable mention in the history of travels and discoveries. In Alexandrine

Tinné the world has lost a remarkable woman, and Africa one of the boldest of her pioneers. She has left behind her a history strongly illuminated by the halo of romance.





CHAPTER XVI.

THE WILD TRIBES OF THE DESERT.

THE heroine's story is finished, and she can no longer wander among these wild tribes of the desert; but we feel as if our story will lose nothing in interest by a slight examination of the land and the people among whom she was thus sadly and cruelly sacrificed. A recent journey by Rohlfs, who has done so much to open up the mysteries of this land and people to the world, and whom Miss Tinné would gladly have attached to her expedition, gives us some very rare and valuable information regarding them.

Rohlfs in his second journey passed through Morocco, across the great Atlas

chain of mountains and the Desert of Sahara. His first journey had been one of great danger, from which he scarcely returned alive. These wild Arabs attacked him in the Desert, and wounded him severely; the fearful climate, which no European can withstand, unless gradually accustomed to it by a lengthened sojourn in the torrid zone, nearly killed him; and the terrible hardships of a journey across the Desert seemed to him almost more than the most hardy traveler could support. And still he wanted to go, and would go a second time; determined, if possible, this time to press forward to the interior of Soudan.

But how different were his preparations and surroundings from those of Miss Tinné! He was so poor that he could scarcely obtain money to go in the humblest way. He started with but one serv-

ant and guide from Tangiers in Morocco, to go to Ufan, to visit the Grand Scherif, Hadj-Absalom, who had shown him much kindness formerly, and from whose influence he hoped to receive assistance in the greatest portion of the territory that he desired to explore.

He had been able to secure good letters of recommendation from the English Ambassador in Tangiers, and had with him a few presents; these obtained for him a favorable reception, and most generous treatment during quite a long stay, although the Scherif well knew that he was dealing with a Christian, and a very inquisitive traveler. Having gained the good graces of this chief, and received a large number of recommendations from him to all his friends and subordinate chiefs through entire Morocco to Tuat and Timbuctoo, Rohlf started on his perilous

journey. Without these protections, together with the greatest foresight on his part, it would have been impossible for him to have traveled through these regions, inhabited by the most suspicious, faithless, and plundering bands of Arabs.

The celebrated Dr. Barth, on passing through these lands, found his only safety in assuming the name of an Arab chief, and calling himself Abd-el-Hirim. And thus Rohlf's took the name Mustapha, and pretended to be a descendant of Moham-med's uncle. These cheating assumptions seem to be so common there that one needs only a sort of brazen courage to carry it out. Rohlf's once had a hearty laugh on meeting with a chieftain who pretended to be of the same noble descent, and solemnly acknowledged him as a veritable cousin.

This system of deception is by no means a pleasant feature of the case, and one

which we would rather not have to record ; but the explorer says that he found it was this or nothing, and felt himself obliged to adopt the fashion of the country if he desired to see it ; just as the celebrated German missionary, Father Huc, many years ago traveled through China disguised, at least, as a native Chinaman, because he would in no other way have been allowed to pursue his journey.

Sometimes he passed as the relative of his friend, the Scherif, and, as this latter was almost worshiped as a saint, our traveler got along very well. Man-worship seems to be nowhere greater than among these tribes. The Berbers can scarcely understand Arabic, and cannot read the Koran ; they care but little about Moham-medan ceremonies, do not wash before prayers, and obtain representatives to perform the various fasts for them ; and they

revere almost as their own saints the family of the Scherif, and call him their Sheik, or Ruler.

At times a gang of robbers would be just on the point of pouncing on his baggage, when he would declare it to be the property of the Scherif, or under his protection; the worst of thieves would then fall down and kiss and worship it, and seek by touching the articles to draw a blessing from them for sick and well.

Sometimes they forced him to act as Sheik himself, and insisted that he should cure them by spitting on them, or permitting them to touch him. He was often obliged to make charms for them to wear or drive the evil spirit out of their houses. In one case this latter power was killing all the sheep and goats. When they wished him to intervene, he recommended them to tear up some rotten floors and substitute

good ones, and then wrote a proverb over their door—this seemed to satisfy them.

In nearly all Africa the natives insist that intelligent Europeans are physicians, and fairly waylay them for medical assistance. A party recently ascending the Nile in a private boat were overtaken by the messengers of a certain chief, who insisted on their returning to cure him. It was in vain that the gentleman said again and again that they knew nothing about the business of curing sick people; they were fairly forced to put back and stop for the night, and were received and treated like kings for the very ordinary and common-sense advice that they were able to give.

And thus Rohlf's was made a doctor in spite of himself; in nearly all the towns and villages where he stopped, the sick were brought to him in great numbers.

The old people always wanted very harsh treatment; nothing would suit them short of bleeding by cups, or a torturing by strong plasters that would draw great water-blisters, like Spanish-fly ointment. Muley-Ishmael, the chief of one of these towns, swore by the beard of the Prophet that Rohlf's must be the private physician of the Sultan of all the Faithful, because no other doctor ever had a salve so powerful that it would draw water out of the body wherever it was placed.

He was most frequently called on to cure diseases of the eyes, and for this purpose was sometimes taken into the most secret and retired portions of their houses to treat their wives, whom no stranger is ordinarily allowed to look upon. All over Africa the disease of the eyes is very common, on account of the drifting sand, and the uncleanness regarding them. And

many of their diseases are so clearly the result of neglect and superstition that any man of sense can give them much useful advice, so that they willingly bestow on him the title of doctor.

But Rohlfs found the whole of these Moslems most deceitful and unreliable; an oath was not of the slightest import in a bargain; they would swear by the Prophet one moment, and the very next break all their promises, and begin to rob, plunder, and murder. Of one of these tribes it had become a saying that they would rob and murder God and the Prophet themselves if these should appear in person among them. Their morals are also in a very low state; as Mohammedans they were permitted to have a house full of wives if they could support them; but the most of them, being too poor to do this, would turn off one wife as soon as they found the

slightest pretext to get rid of her, and then take another. And thus their towns were full of forsaken wives.

They bury their dead without a coffin, and make a fearful howling at the grave, which Rohlf considered all put on for effect or display. They are also extremely intolerant toward those of a different religious belief from themselves, and it is most wise not to get into a discussion with them about the matter, for they are always anxious for a strife of this kind, and have but one answer to all objections, "Thus it stands in the Koran," a book that they affirm was written by God's own hand for their Prophet, Mohammed. Even in Algiers the Moslems think that the surest way to gain Paradise is to kill a Christian, and were it not for the fear of the laws they would frequently do this.



CHAPTER XVII.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO THE DESERT.

WE have dwelt some time on the character of these tribes, to make more clear the great difficulties to be encountered in traveling among them, and to be able to appreciate what Miss Tinné proposed to encounter had her life been spared. We shall now go with Rohlf's through his bold journey, and look at the principal deeds that he performed, and some of the dangers and trials that he encountered. .

Early in May Rohlf's started for the Atlas Mountains, and was ever careful on the ascent to watch against the robber hordes that infest these heights. His ob-

ject was to learn the character of these comparatively unknown highlands, and come through a pass to the plains on the southern side. He describes nature as magnificent in the extreme, and speaks especially of the vast difference between the intolerable heat of the lowland and the unexpected cold of these higher regions.

He found the vegetable world on the ascent much more familiar and home-like than he had expected. There were first mighty forests with larch trees nearly five feet in diameter, then iron oaks and thistle-trees, and finally the *lignum vitæ* and juniper. On the ground he found buttercups, May lilies, and Alpine roses, so that one could easily imagine one's self to be in Switzerland. On the lofty plains, or tablelands, that he passed over were growing barley and Turkish wheat. On the thirteenth of May they perceived the snowy

summit of the Atlas, and on the twentieth they reached the very crest, having passed a beautiful mountain lake enlivened by swarms of ducks. Here, in the highlands, they first saw the villages surrounded by tall and strong hedges made out of the trunks of trees, as a protection against the numerous lions. Rohlfs is supposed to be the first explorer who crossed the Atlas chain in this region. He reported it as mostly composed of sandstone on the northern, and granite on the southern declivity.

On making the descent he came down into the beautiful valley of the Ger River, which he declares a rival of Italy in the luxuriance of its vegetation and natural productions. They traveled through narrow gorges whose sides rose five hundred feet in rocky walls above the stream. But the well-built roads and convenient bridges

of Switzerland were absent, and it was often necessary to ride or swim over streams, where they encountered many mishaps on account of the rapidity of these mountain torrents.

At last they reached the border of the desert, and saw the first date-trees. And, still on their horses, they passed several small oases, and arrived, on the first of July, after many dangers from the sirocco and the robbers, safely at Abum, the capital of the Oasis of Tafles.

This city of the oasis he describes in very genial terms. Abum is the central trading point for the whole desert. The wares of Algiers and Morocco, the products of Tawat and those of Soudan, all meet here. There can be no more variegated or animated scene than the picture presented by the fair or market held here three times a week. As wood is scarce, all

the booths, as, indeed, all the houses of the villages, are made of clay, so that they look like great mole-hills. And, as in all cities of Morocco, these booths form streets, and each street has its special trade.

Merchants from Fez have exclusive possession of the streets for cloth, cotton, and silk goods; other streets contain the oil, butter, and soap shops; and thus the dealers in weapons and clothes have theirs, and so on to the end of the catalogue. Some passages are exclusively devoted to French and English goods, of which there is a large assortment. Vegetables, fruit, salt, cattle, etc., are found crowded together in other places. The dates of Tafilet are considered the best of the entire desert, and are sent to all points. Then ostrich feathers, gold-dust, and slaves, are brought to this market from Soudan.

The inhabitants of this region are the

most fanatical of Mohammedans, and fairly annoyed Rohlf's in the desire to know whether he was a genuine Moslem in all respects. Near their city they have raised monuments to the founder of the dynasty of Morocco, and also to some of the most celebrated of their saints, and to these shrines pilgrimages are made from all directions.

At this point Rohlf's prepared himself for his journey across the desert. He hired two camels from the owner of a caravan, who afterward cheated him in the most contemptible way. Having provided himself with water and provisions for a ten days' journey, he started in the early part of July. And now, for a moment, compare his simple and humble preparations with those of Miss Tinné: simply himself and servant, and only two camels to carry the absolute necessities of life; and with

these he boldly enters the dangerous and inhospitable desert.

He found the heat intolerable, even worse than he had expected; and their thirst, in the broiling sun, was so great that each of them drank more than ten quarts of water per day. The camels were loaded with the baggage, they, therefore, were obliged to walk; and although they became somewhat accustomed to the heat, they sometimes almost sank down from exhaustion and fatigue. They lost a good deal of flesh in the journey, but at last safely passed the first sandy region that extends to the south, and arrived at the oasis city of Karfas toward the end of July.

These portions of the desert are not entirely destitute of water nor vegetation. But the terribly monotonous plain is but seldom enlivened by a visible water-course.

There are, however, not a few streams that trickle through the sand below the surface, slowly following a steady and regular course, like those visible on the surface. Above these hidden streams one can easily dig a well and reach water without penetrating very deep. Many of these wells remain, and are covered with a stone, as well as surrounded by palm-trees, but not unfrequently the water is saltish and bitter. The banks of these streams, which are often visible in winter and disappear in summer, are often planted with rows of palms.

The date-palm among trees is to the Arab what the camel is among beasts; that alone renders life possible even in these oases. These poor tribes of the desert seldom taste meat, and are rarely able to eat enough to satisfy their hunger; many of them live almost exclusively on

dates. A story is told of one of these children of the sand, who, on his journey, was almost famished for want of food; at last he approached a green spot, and discovered lying there a large sack, apparently left by some wanderer who found it too heavy for his beast. "Ah!" said the hungry man, "God be thanked; there is a sack of dates! how will I refresh myself with them, and gather strength for my journey!" He rushed up to the sack, hastily opened it, gazed a moment, and then sank fainting to the earth, exclaiming, "Alas! they are only pearls!"

Pearls and precious stones are of little value to those fainting for want of food, and the date is more precious on the desert than would be multitudes of jewels and piles of gold. And the only condition on which it will consent to thrive is water. Wherever this precious element is present

date-trees may be planted. Where there are copious springs and wells, there, in the midst of the desert, will thrive and bloom the most beautiful date-gardens, in whose shade will also grow various tropical vegetables. In some places, where there is always moisture far below the surface of the ground, a deep well is dug, and the date-tree is planted in this, so that one sees the strange sight of the summit of a palm-tree peering forth from the bosom of the earth. The natives take, therefore, great care of the palm-tree in the season of the blossoms to secure their fruitfulness, and gather two crops a year, one in May, and another in September.

It is consequently considered a great crime to kill a date-tree; even in the continued wars that the inhabitants of the desert are ever waging against each other, the date-tree is always spared. An enemy

will destroy the streams if possible, will cut them off or fill up the wells, but he never cuts down the date-tree.

Abd-el-Kader was one of the wildest of the desert chiefs, whose fame was sung in many a ballad, for he was an indomitable warrior, and a terror to his enemies. While he was yet a youth a certain hostile tribe murdered his father; against these cruel enemies Abd-el-Kader performed his first deeds of heroic valor; he was so exasperated at them that he destroyed all the palm-trees in their domains. Rohlfs became acquainted with him, and spent several months under his hospitable protection. As an old man, he spent his days in peace, and employed all his time in planting new gardens, in the hope of thus partially atoning for that great crime of his youth. He always prayed to God to forgive him for thus cutting down the palm-

trees, which the Mussulmans consider so great a crime.

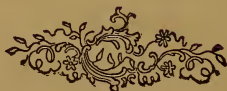
One day he was relating his warlike deeds to Rohlf, when he suddenly stopped and said: "Was I right in cutting down my enemies' trees?" "No," was the reply, "for here, in the desert, the palm is the sole support of man." This answer pleased him, for the voice within him had often told him that in this he had done wrong, although, hitherto, all his subjects, and even his priests, had tried to make him believe that his deed was justifiable.

Next to the date-tree in value is the camel, and this useful beast even adds largely to the value of the tree, by enabling the natives to reach the plantations in the season when attention is required to the blossoms. The date is never a perfect tree; that is, it cannot bear fruit unless its

blossoms are fertilized by contact with the blossoms of other trees. These different kinds are easily distinguished by the natives, as they are well known, and, therefore, in the blossoming season they need to hurry to the different date-gardens to fructify the trees by the contact of blossoms of the opposite kind.

Now our readers may, perhaps, suppose that hurry is not the word to use in speaking of the camel, and it is true that he cannot surpass the horse in speed on a short journey. But what he lacks in speed, he makes up in endurance; he will out-travel the horse in a long journey, and is even used to run down the swift-footed ostrich. Camels will chase the ostrich till these birds fall down dead. Therefore the children of the desert prize the camels above all gifts, and bestow on them the greatest care and study. The Bedouin

knows the tracks of his own camels, and will distinguish the male and female camel by the difference of the tracks in the sand, as he will even tell the age of a beast by the smell.





CHAPTER XVIII.

INTO THE DESERT AND OUT AGAIN.

ABOUT the last of July Rohlf's plunged into the barren desert, following the dry bed of a river that led him through a large province of Morocco called Tawat. This immense waste is so poor and barren that its inhabitants can scarcely find enough to support life, and are consequently extremely unreliable and thievish. He stopped for a short time only at the Oases of Tennay and Tamentit. This Tamentit is a city of six thousand inhabitants, and has one temple and six mosques.

This temple contains a very sacred relic in the form of a stone, that is said to have fallen from heaven; it was of silver when

it came down, and, as the story goes, turned into iron. Of course this is a capital stone for the Mohammedans of the region to make a pilgrimage to, for it seems to them like the black stone at Mecca, on which they say that Abraham was preparing to slaughter Isaac. And Rohlf's here corrects a very prevalent error regarding the famous black stone of Mecca. It is generally supposed that Mohammed ordered pilgrimages to be made to this sacred relic, but it appears that these were instituted before his time, and that he merely allowed them to be continued under his sanction.

The principal product of this land of Tawat is also dates, of which there are said to be as many different varieties as we find among our apples; but there are also many other kinds of fruits. The inhabitants are peaceable, but much given to

the use of opium ; they do not drink strong liquors, but this opium ruins them about as much as rum would.

Again the traveler crossed another fearfully barren desert, and journeyed toward Ain Salah, the capital of this realm, where he found the afore-mentioned Bedouin chief, Abd-el-Kader, who accorded him a kind reception. This was a great boon to him, for his money began to melt away, and this, with many other mishaps, proved to him that he could not continue the journey to Timbuctoo, as he had projected. He therefore stayed with his powerful friend until the end of October, and saw the swallows arrive from Europe, which pass their winters in this milder climate. He also had the opportunity of here seeing and admiring the fat or "thick women." The fattest women are here considered the prettiest, and measures are therefore taken

when they are quite young to make them grow enormously large, and this great corpulency they mostly owe to a very generous supply of camel's milk and butter.

About the beginning of November Rohlf's found a caravan preparing to leave for Tripoli, and he resolved to bid good-bye to Abd-el-Kader, and join it on his return journey to his home. They passed through a long sandy waste, in the land of the fierce Tawareks, and suffered both from hunger and thirst. For awhile they were obliged to live on locusts, that sometimes fly in such swarms that they darken the air. These are a species of grasshopper, that come at times in such multitudes that they devour every living thing like plant or vegetable, and then invade tents and even houses. Fortunately, they may in turn be eaten in case of need, although they are no great delicacy. Of John the Baptist it is said

that his food was locusts and wild honey, while he was in the wilderness.

Sometimes they are dried, then ground fine and mixed with flour, and made into cakes and baked; or they are simply salted, as we salt mackerel, and then eaten; or they are smoked like herring, or boiled, or roasted, or stewed, or fried in butter. Thus you see there are many ways of preparing them to tickle the palate. Rohlf pulled off their wings, took out their insides, and then sprinkled them with pepper and salt. In this form they tasted so good to him that he recommends French cooks to put them in their bill of fare, and they would doubtless look quite as well there as frogs and snails.

About the end of November the caravan arrived in the old town of Ghadames, which was founded by the ancient Romans, and contains a great many Roman antiqui-

ties. It is now a very celebrated trading mart within the realms of Tripoli, and is connected by good roads with that famous sea-port on the northern coast. Rohlf examined all the most interesting of the Roman ruins, and then made his way safely to Tripoli, where he arrived about Christmas, and soon informed his anxious friends in Europe of his safe return to civilization.

He had been nine months a wanderer in these lands, where he was only safe so long as he bought the favor of influential persons by valuable presents, or obtained it, as he did several times, through some special favor. He was shamefully imposed upon, whenever they could do so, and they would have robbed him of every penny, if he had not been as skillful in guarding his pennies as they were in obtaining them. He performed all this journey at an expense of

about one thousand dollars, and came back greatly disappointed that he could not reach Timbuctoo.

We are much indebted to him for a great deal of accurate and useful knowledge regarding the oasis-cities of Tawat, and especially for his reports about the oases of Tidikelt and Ain Salah. His investigations about the commercial roads and trading relations of these people are very valuable, as are also his descriptions of their national character. The science of geography has been much enhanced by his accounts of these almost unknown lands, and he has enriched the maps of Northern Africa with some names and routes that have not hitherto been found on it.

It is to be regretted that astronomical science has reaped nothing from his journey. But if he could have carried instru-

ments with him they would have availed him nothing, for it would have been impossible for him to have used them in making observations. The suspicions of the inhabitants were so great that he was obliged to be very careful in the use of his thermometer and barometer; with a little unguardedness on his part they would have declared him a sorcerer, and stoned or burned him. He was not even always allowed to write down his observations. Therefore the natural sciences have not gained much by his journey; but what he saw with his eyes and heard with his ears they could not prevent him from bringing away, and with this booty he has made a very interesting book.

Rohlf's subsequently made another journey to Bornou, following just the route that Miss Tinné proposed to take. He returned safely with presents from the

Sultan to the King of Prussia. The King dispatched another traveler to Bornou with royal presents in return, having ordered Rohlf's to accompany the Abyssinian expedition.

This explorer, Dr. Nachtigall, has been arrested on his way, and is now besieged by these very thieves and murderers that assaulted Miss Tinné. They learned of his valuable presents for the Sultan, and thought they would prefer having them for themselves. He, finding that he was sure to be pursued and robbed, has left his royal presents in Mourzook to the very doubtful honesty and protection of the natives there, and now lays his case before the King, and seeks protection. There is only one way of managing the affair, and that is, to give him brave men enough to fight his way through.

Rohlf's, who has in the meanwhile

returned, now offers to head a fighting column to punish these murderers of Miss Tinné, assist the Doctor, and rescue the presents, and proceed with them to Bornou. But this requires men and means that can only be afforded by the government; and the question is just now being discussed, as to how far this would be feasible and expedient. Prussian soldiers could not land without the permission of the government of Tripoli, and this latter hesitates to permit foreign soldiers to land on its shores to come into contact with tribes that are so nearly on its border.

The scientific men are urging the government to send the force, and think that a few Prussian soldiers, with needle-guns, would instill a wholesome respect into the Tawareks. Rohlf's says that when he was in a similar situation in Mourzook, the Governor there laughed at him for

coming with a couple of servants to make the journey to Soudan. He said that the greatest trouble by far was from these robber tribes, and suggested that with about thirty good soldiers he could fight his way through, and with fifty even take the Sultan himself, who was, every year, half frightened to death by the raids of these Bedouins into his kingdom, though they could never muster more than fifty old muskets. These facts show us the fearful dangers to which the unsuspecting Miss Tinné exposed herself when she trusted to the fidelity and love of the Arabs of the desert.





CHAPTER XIX.

A GRAND EXPEDITION.

WITH this chapter our story will close, though some of our readers may think that it is already told. But as we felt that the explorations of Rohlfs would be a fitting sequel to the unfinished labors of Miss Tinné on the Desert of Sahara and in Central Soudan, so we can scarcely end our story without a brief allusion to a grand expedition now in progress on the Nile, which, in spirit, is carrying out the noble plans that the Heroine of Africa dimly conceived and ardently longed for.

We have already spoken of the celebrated English explorer of the Nile coun-

tries, Sir Samuel Baker, and have alluded to the fact, that on returning from one of his early explorations he met the expedition of Miss Tinné, and gave it his heartiest greetings and good wishes as it passed up the Nile apparently to conquer the countries that he had merely seen. It would seem that this campaign of Miss Tinné must have inspired him with the thought not only of studying Africa, but of conquering it for humanity, civilization, and religion. And he is now engaged in this noble work on a scale that leaves all other expeditions far in the background, and bids fair to put an end to slavery all along the Nile territory, and in its place to substitute agriculture and the arts of peace, as a means to the happiness of these half-civilized negro kingdoms.

Baker has undertaken a noble though a very difficult task. In his celebrated

work concerning his extensive travels in Egypt, he declares that he never met a civil officer in the country who did not consider the slave-trade a necessary and benevolent institution. But he has had a marvelous success in convincing the Viceroy and ruler of all Egypt to the contrary, and gaining his sympathy and support in the endeavor to suppress this most cruel traffic that human beings ever engaged in.

And the times have been propitious to this great enterprise. The opening of the famous canal from the Mediterranean Sea across the Isthmus of Suez to the Red Sea has sent the influence of Western Europe sailing through the desert, and the Viceroy has caught the infection of civilization and humanity, and begins to see that it will pay far better to develop the land after the example of cultivated and Christian countries, than to keep such immense

tracts merely as great hunting grounds for slaves.

He has therefore virtually taken Sir Samuel Baker into his employ, and given him the authority and the means to go up and possess the land in the interest of humanity. And the ruler of Egypt pays all the costs of this great enterprise, furnishes Baker with all the necessary men and outfit, and gives him unlimited authority to take the land in the name of the Viceroy; and from Gondokoro on the White Nile, which we will remember as the station that Miss Tinné made such efforts to reach, away up to the southern end of the newly discovered Albert Nyanza lake, he is to gather all the scattered tribes and roving hordes in these regions, that live mainly from the profits of the slave-trade, and gain them over to civilization and peaceful pursuits.

But, you will ask, how is he to perform so great a task—so perilous and difficult an undertaking? In an answer to this question, we ask you to listen to the story of his outfit; it is something unheard of in the annals of African exploration.

Baker has at his disposal a corps of nearly two thousand men. A fleet of ten steamers and thirty sailing vessels carry these up the Nile. The most of these are soldiers, many of them are tillers of the soil or what we would call farmers, and fifty of them are ship-builders, who go to build boats, with which to navigate the waters of this new lake. He makes his grand rendezvous on the river at that notorious town to which we devoted the chapter headed a "Nest of Villains." This center of the slave-trade is now to be used as the main post and support of an expedition to wipe out the foul blot from Egypt.

Large amounts of stores of all kinds are now being sent to Khartoom; the steamers and other vessels are making their way up the river. But Sir Samuel Baker himself was too impatient to sail up the slow and winding Nile, and he, with his ever faithful wife, some of his principal officers, and about seven hundred men, took passage at Suez on the Red Sea in steamers, and landed at the port of Suakim. Here they got up a stupendous caravan and crossed the desert on camels, about a hundred miles to Khartoom, where they arrived safely long before the expedition from below had made its appearance.

This suggested to Baker the feasibility of a railroad from Port Suakim through this sandy waste to Khartoom. Think of the steam-cars rattling past the caravans, astonishing the living ships of the desert as they shoot by, and striking terror to the

heart of the ruffled slave-drivers as they urge on their bands of captive slaves to the Red Sea, to take them over into Arabia and sell them! Baker argues that such a road would soon put an end to this route for the slavers, and be a most profitable channel to convey all the rich products of the Upper Nile—the ivory, the cotton, and other treasures of that fertile land—to the sea, and thence by steamers to the world.

If he is successful the road will be built, and will greatly aid in the development of the country, by giving easy access to it, and a grand outlet to its resources, which will thereby become a thousand times more valuable. And this is the lesson that Baker desires to teach to the petty chieftains in his course, namely, that it will pay materially, for this is the only motive that will now reach them. The Viceroy of

Egypt has already learned this lesson, and is now eager to have his land furnish him money for his treasury, rather than slaves for other countries.

After Khartoom the next main station will be Gondokoro, about one hundred and fifty geographical miles up the stream. From this point all the way up the White Nile to Nyanza Lake, and into the interior, he will establish posts about eighty miles apart. These posts will be governed by agents, who will be empowered to deal with the natives; and for this purpose they will be supplied with all kinds of articles which these wild beings enjoy and prize, such as beads and trinkets, and many other things that will be more useful to them. These the traders will exchange for the products that the inhabitants can bring, especially ivory, honey, wax, and hides.

Baker will seize and liberate all the slaves that he finds in the hands of their oppressors, and give them some fertile spot on the river near the posts as their home. Each liberated slave is to be provided with a certificate on which is written his name, the date of his deliverance, and the circumstances attending it; this certificate is to be the proof to all that he is a free man. Then a register of all these liberated slaves is to be kept by the agent, and any of the traders who are afterward found in possession of such negroes will be severely punished.

One great object of the expedition is to encourage the raising of cotton, for which the climate and soil of Egypt are admirably adapted, as are also the negroes to the labor. The demand for cotton is daily increasing all over the world, and it is becoming more and more of a necessity all

the time for all classes of society, the poor as well as the rich. Now cotton is dearer and scarcer than it need be; any plan that will contribute to render it plenty and cheap will be a blessing to all mankind. Therefore a great end will be attained if, at the same time, the world can obtain cotton of Egypt, and give the negroes a certain supply of comforts in exchange for the cotton that they can raise at home.

Therefore these liberated slaves are to receive cotton-seed, and farming utensils of all kinds, as well as water-wheels to draw up the water from the river and irrigate the land in the dry season. They are to be taught and controlled by overseers, who are to be chosen from among the best men of the expedition, who are to be left in groups of from four to six at the posts along the route. These men are soldiers and farmers at the same time, like most of

the peasant classes of Lower Egypt, and can therefore defend themselves, and teach the negroes how to do so, while they are learning how to till their rich soil.

The farther they ascend the stream, and approach the region of rich soil and generous rain, the more easy will it be to produce cotton without the severe labor required in Lower Egypt, and this will probably induce many from that section to ascend the stream to richer regions, and thus, by their example and influence, contribute to spread abroad the useful knowledge of agriculture to the dwellers on the Nile.

When it is found necessary, military colonies will be founded to force the native tribes to live at peace with each other, and around these colonies large tracts of land will be cultivated with grain, to prevent the danger of famine from the collection

of large bodies of the natives in one spot for protection and oversight.

The Nile can be navigated with steamers as far up as Gondokoro. Just above this point commence the upper cataracts, that continue a long distance, and then the river is navigable again as far as the newly discovered lake, Albert Nyanza. Along this unnavigable portion of the stream a good road will be constructed, passable for camels, horses, and all kinds of wagons.

The steamers will ascend the river to Gondokoro, where they will be taken apart and loaded on camels and wagons, and thus transported to the navigable waters again. This seems like idle talk, but it is not. The vessels are all made of iron or steel, and are firmly screwed together; they can thus be unscrewed when necessary and transported by land; many have already been thus carried across the desert on

camels' backs. Nor are they, for this reason, toy-boats. Each one measures what the seamen call one hundred and fifty tons, which makes quite a respectable steamer.

When these have been placed in their native element after their land journey, they will proceed up the river to Lake Nyanza, then into this body of water and all around its shores on a voyage of discovery. And for bays and places that the steamers cannot enter, Baker has steel life-boats and other little craft, so that he will be able to penetrate all these shores and found military and trading settlements where as yet the face of a civilized white man has never been seen. And lastly, there is a small isthmus between this lake and its consort, the Victoria Nyanza, and at this point the steamers will be again taken apart, transported over the land, and

launched into these waters, that English explorers have named after their beloved Queen. It is now almost unknown, but a few steamers on its surface will soon plow over its waters, and open up a host of secrets to the civilized world, and its shores to the light of civilization and the blessings of Christianity; for these latter cannot lag far behind the enterprises of the soldier, the trader, and the tiller of the soil.

Now we may well ask, Is this plain common sense, or is it all a foolish dream? For thousands of years men have been trying to discover these hidden springs of the river that waters and fertilizes the sacred land of ancient days, and a thousand times the effort has been abandoned in despair. But now these dark, savage, and cruel men, who people those mysterious shores, are to be suddenly awakened out of their

long sleep, not by degrees, but by the sudden flashes of the brightest light, and the noblest triumphs of civilization.

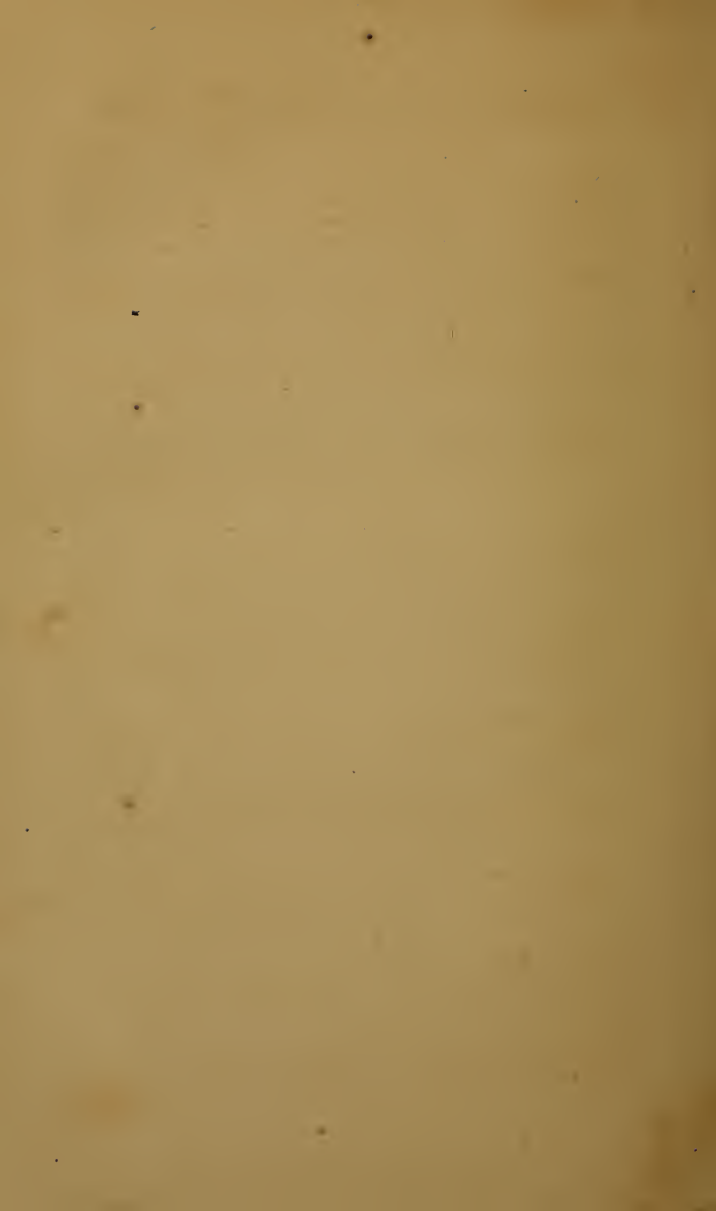
Think of them gazing on these noble structures that seem almost to have the spirit of man within them as they walk the waters like creatures of life! See these poor, wild, untutored men as they view with astonishment all the enticing productions of our skill, of the use of which they can have no possible conception!

The very thought of this is inspiring, and we only hope that the noble Baker will be able to realize all his expectations. There are many that think he is now building castles in the air, that he will see dissolve into empty vapor as he proceeds. But all good men hope for his full and complete success, and applaud his enthusiasm in so good a cause. But should he fail, he will at least learn many lessons to

teach the world, so that others at later periods may take up his work and lead it on to completion. In this age the world cannot go backward, and the examples of Miss Tinné and Sir Samuel Baker cannot be lost on the future.

And now that this story is told, many parts of it may seem like romance; but it is sober truth, and proves the old saying, that truth is stranger than fiction, and we hope, in this case, it may prove more agreeable, as we know it must be more profitable than mere tissues of excited fancy, or revelings of wayward imaginations.





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